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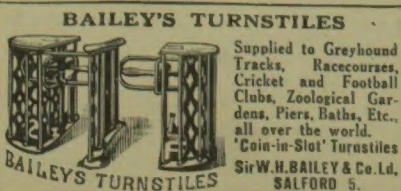
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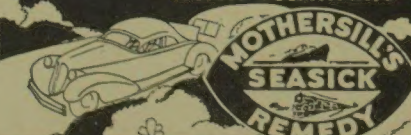
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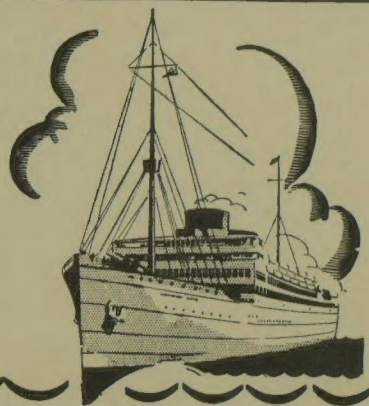
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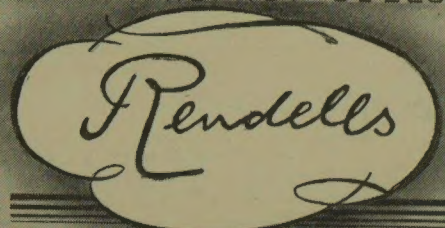
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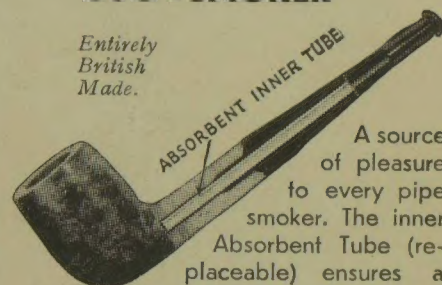
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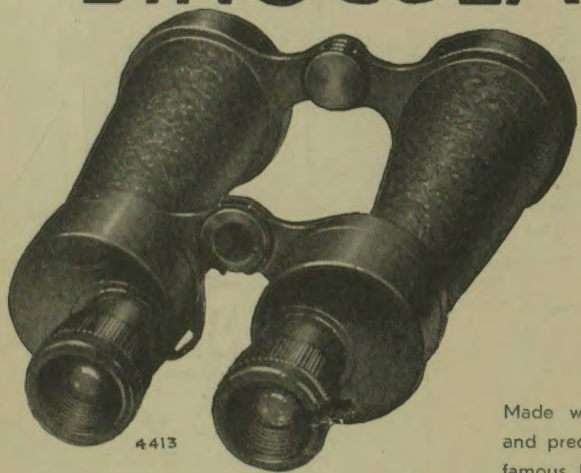
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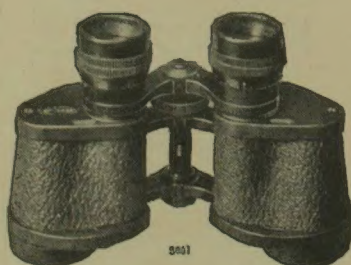
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SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1938.



TRAINING FUTURE BRITISH ARMY OFFICERS, A VITAL MATTER NOW THAT WE ARE STRENGTHENING OUR DEFENSIVE FORCES: CADETS AT SANDHURST BICYCLING TO "PHYSICAL JERKS" WEARING THEIR VICTORIAN "POLO" CAPS.

The reorganisation of the British Army makes it of special interest at the moment to get an insight into the life at Sandhurst, where future British officers are trained. On this and the following pages are reproduced a number of photographs illustrating this training. The Royal Military College was established in 1802 in a house at Marlow. The roll of cadets includes such great names as Lord Roberts, Allenby, and Haig. Cadets are trained there for commissions in the Cavalry, Infantry, Royal

Tank Corps, and R.A.S.C., of the British Army, and for the Indian Army. Since 1922 a number of vacancies in the College have been specially reserved for selected N.C.O.s of the Regular Army recommended to be trained for commissions. The course consists of three terms of which there are two a year—February 1 to mid-July, and September 1 to Christmas. The characteristic pill-box "polo" caps worn by the cadets and seen in this photograph date back to Victorian days. (Keystone.)



IN THE GYMNASIUM AT THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, SANDHURST: A CLASS OF GENTLEMEN CADETS TAKING BOXING LESSONS—USEFUL TRAINING FOR QUICK THINKING IN ATTACK AND DEFENCE.



ENSURING THAT THE FUTURE OFFICER HAS A TOUGH PHYSIQUE AND CAN TAKE HIS PLACE IN HIS UNIT DIRECTLY HE LEAVES THE COLLEGE: A GRUELLING EXERCISE—TO JUDGE BY THE CADETS' EXPRESSIONS.

Cadets at the Royal Military College are organised in four companies, on the lines of an infantry battalion. The staff of the College includes a commandant, a company commander for each company, and officers of the Army Educational Corps. The latter are specially responsible for instruction in non-military subjects; such as constitutional history, European history, geography (a

compulsory subject), chemistry, mechanics, languages, and electricity. Military history, of course, forms an important part in the cadet's education. In his first term he studies in outline the history of the British and Indian Armies from 1660 up to the outbreak of war in 1914. The rest of the course is given to the years 1914-18 and to that ever-recurrent duty of the Army in

TRAINING THE BRITISH OFFICER

A ROUND OF PHYSICAL AND INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITIES—



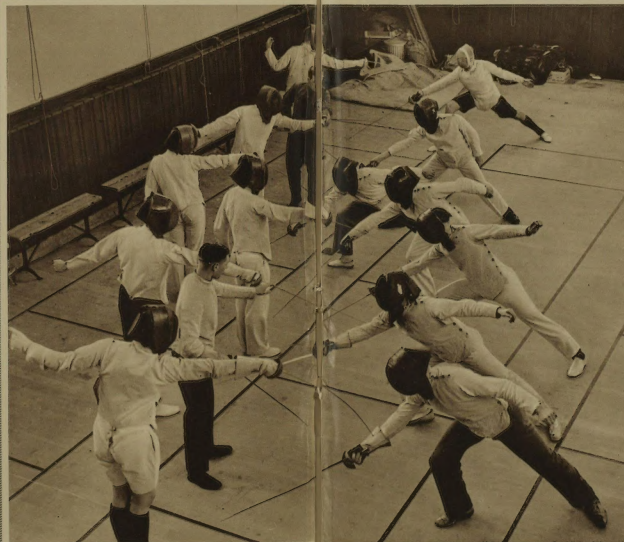
MILITARY HISTORY—AN ALL-IMPORTANT SUBJECT AT THE R.M.C.: FRONT OPERATIONS

OF THE FUTURE AT SANDHURST.

FROM TRADITIONAL FENCING TO MUSKETRY IN GAS-MASKS.



A COMPANY COMMANDER GIVING INSTRUCTION ON THE WESTERN FRONT IN THE GREAT WAR.



FENCING, WHICH RETAINS ITS VALUE AS A TRAINING: AND DEVOTING PARTICULAR ATTENTION

INSTRUCTORS GIVING DETAILED EXPLANATIONS—TO A LEFT-HANDED CADET.

peace time. Imperial policing. Owing to the rapid mechanisation of the Army, a detailed course on the care and maintenance of military vehicles is carried out during the eighteen months a cadet is at Sandhurst. All cadets, when they have finished their course at the College, are capable of taking charge of their regimental transport. Organised physical training is also a



LEARNING TO SHOOT IN GAS-MASKS: TRAINING ESSENTIAL FOR MODERN WARFARE, IN WHICH ACCURATE SHOOTING IN SUCH CONDITIONS IS PERFECTLY POSSIBLE TO A PRACTISED MARKSMAN.



PISTOL PRACTICE: SHOOTING AT THIRTY YARDS' RANGE WITH SINGLE-CHAMBERED WEAPONS—SPECTACLES EVIDENTLY PERMITTED TO BE WORN BY CADETS WHO REQUIRE THEM.

part of the curriculum at the R.M.C. Instruction in this subject is given by members of the Army Physical Training Staff. The basis of the instruction is to turn out cadets who are physically fit to take their place within their units immediately they leave the College. Cadets are also taught to take classes, to enable them to instruct their men at P.T. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHEN the deep ruts of the long English winter began to dry in earnest and the blossom came out in the woods and heaths beyond the village lands, the thoughts of our country ancestors turned to holiday. "Then longen folk to go on pilgrimage." For pleasure-loving England (the centuries have changed us little in this respect) the pilgrimage was only in part a religious exercise: it was quite as much, and probably rather more, in the nature of an excursion. Just as we set out in holiday mood for Margate or the Cheddar Gorge, so our ancestors in more leisurely fashion took the pilgrim's scrip and wallet and followed the green roads to Walsingham or Glastonbury or North Marston. Their sensations on starting were probably much the same: and their experiences on arrival at their favourite place of pilgrimage only differed, I fancy, in kind from those familiar to the modern holiday-maker.

To-day, instead of the frequented shrine or holy well, with its crowd of devotees and, be sure—for here also human nature has not changed—its keen-eyed ministrants making a livelihood out of the pious visitors—we have our beauty spots, *centres de tourisme* and popular holiday resorts. With the passing of Whitsun the season for visiting them has now set in with a rush. For those prisoned for three hundred and fifty days of the year in the cities of the Industrial Age such places may well seem like windows into paradise, with their glimpses of green fields, river or mountain, their monuments of great human achievement, above all, perhaps, their air of freedom from grinding utilitarian activity. The showy advertisements, ugly litter of temporary buildings and discarded rubbish, crowds, car-parks, picture post-cards and shops that offend the sensitive souls of more fortunate mortals, are to them purely incidental: either they enhance the general amenities of the place or else they pass unnoticed. They are so much better, in any case, than the kind of surroundings which most people in the modern city state have to put up with from the cradle to the grave. The enjoyment of beauty, like everything else in this world of inequalities and dissimilarities, is comparative.

That some of us do not like beauty spots proves nothing except that we are either specially favoured by fortune—if immunity from the common experience of one's fellow creatures be a favour—or else born highbrows, by which I am afraid is meant the genus intellectual prig. We may, of course, like to think that it is because we possess some more than ordinary susceptibility to lovely things, but a disdain for the frequented beauty spot is certainly no proof of this. I can conceive of a young factory worker with the sensibility of a Keats or a Morland finding in a Bank Holiday jaunt to modern Stratford-on-Avon or Lulworth Cove an escape into spiritual ecstasy and an inspiration as great as that which Dante felt when he first saw Beatrice. A hackneyed couplet from Gray's *Elegy* may be stale to me: it does not mean that it is stale for everyone, least of all for the boy with a delicate sense of life's loveliness and significance who reads it with a virgin heart for the first time. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever, and when it ceases to thrill us it does not cease to be beautiful. Dr. Johnson's exordium to clear the mind of cant applies as much to æsthetics as anything else.

I remember once visiting the far-famed Clovelly—for the first and only time in my life—early on a September morning. It still haunts my memory as one of the most exquisite sights I have ever seen:

like paradise in the dawn of the world before man was driven from Eden. There were tea-shops, it is true, and brass antiques made in Birmingham, and even a few paper bags left over from the previous day. But these trifles—for they were no more—had no power to still the sense of wonder and delight called up by that glorious survival of an older and lovelier England. When, having descended to the beach, I had climbed again to the top of the wooded hill, the charabancs were just arriving in what seemed phalanxes, and discharging their eager thousands. But I had seen Clovelly without them.

Nor to anyone with a grain of human charity or social conscience could there be anything saddening in the thought that in the next few hours it would be visited by countless holiday-makers. It is an essential part of the enjoyment of any beautiful thing that one wishes it to be shared, especially by those for whom one feels sympathy and kinship. And these swarming multitudes were my own countrymen, released for a brief spell from monotonous labour. It is probable that had I seen it in that vast assembly the mere discomfort and inconvenience of being in a crowd would have blunted my perception of the unique beauty of the place. But whatever my spoilt reactions, Clovelly would have remained beautiful. Its fame has not robbed it of its loveliness.

Yet I admit that beauty spots, however justified their reputation, are often disappointing. This applies just as much, and perhaps more, to the kind of resort from which such plebeian things as crowds, paper bags, and charabancs are strictly banished. Something—it is hard to say what—seems lacking in the atmosphere. It is like the atmosphere—or rather, absence of it—that distinguishes a certain kind of luxury hotel. There is wanting that sense of achievement and of whatsoever it is justifying human existence, despite all its imperfections, that haunts all places where men and women labour at a creative task. The sense of value that all work gives is something intangible. Yet it indubitably exists. It is this, for instance, that lends dignity to the manufacturing country of the north of England: when one travels north and first sees the blackened red brick of Staffordshire or Notts, one feels, as the late C. E. Montague pointed out, a sudden realisation that one has come to a land where the world's work is being done—a sense of exultation and of pride in the common lot and achievement of man.

The primæval curse was not only a curse. It was also a blessing, for it gave man the justification for his existence. Other things being equal, nothing so surely increases the moral and spiritual stature of a man as labour, and nothing so inevitably diminishes it as idleness. If this were not so, the rich, with their superior opportunities for education, culture, and social intercourse, would be palpably and inevitably the moral superiors of the poor. That they are not necessarily so is principally due to the comparative effects on human character of work and idleness. The moral danger of being rich is the temptation it offers of being idle. And what is true of individuals is true, I think, of communities and indirectly of the places which communities inhabit. A great past enhances the charm and atmosphere of a place. But to live on that charm and atmosphere is to become spiritually bankrupt.



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SHOWING THE ATTACHMENT TO THE MOUTH AND PIPES OVER THE SHOULDERS CONNECTED WITH THE CONTAINER ON THE BACK: A FRONT VIEW OF THE OXYGEN APPARATUS.



ON THE WAY TO MT. EVEREST FOR A NEW ATTEMPT TO CLIMB THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PEAK: THREE MEMBERS OF THE 1938 EXPEDITION RESTING AT CAMP I. (18,000 FT.) NEAR THE EAST RONGBUK GLACIER.

THE SEVENTH EVEREST EXPEDITION, AND FIFTH ATTEMPT ON THE SUMMIT: A GROUP AT CAMP I.; AND OXYGEN APPARATUS.

It was reported on June 3 that news was expected at any time regarding the result of an attempt to reach the summit of Mount Everest by this year's expedition. A previous message from Darjeeling suggested that the attempt had probably been made and that there had been some delay in communications. On May 26 "The Times" said: "A letter received from Mr. H. W. Tilman (leader of the Expedition) states that Camp III., at 21,000 ft. underneath the North Col, has been fully provisioned. This camp is to be used as an advanced base of operations for the actual climbing." The base at Camp I., at 18,000 ft., near the snout of the East Rongbuk Glacier, was established early in April. The present expedition is the seventh to visit the mountain, and the fifth to attempt the summit. Two of our photographs show Mr. Peter Lloyd, a member of the party, wearing the oxygen apparatus devised for use during the final climb.

Photograph by "The Times." (Copyright Reserved.)

FUTURE BRITISH OFFICERS AT SANDHURST: "PRIVATE" AND "PUBLIC" LIFE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.



GETTING READY FOR PARADE AT THE R.M.C., WHERE EACH INMATE HAS A ROOM TO HIMSELF: A CADET FINISHING DRESSING IN THE MORNING, AFTER REVEILLE AT 7 A.M.



SWORD DRILL AT THE R.M.C.: "UNDER OFFICERS," WHO COMMAND PLATOONS OF THEIR FELLOW-CADETS, PRACTISING THE SALUTE.

Twenty-five "Under Officers" in the Royal Military College are selected from the Senior Cadets. These Under Officers command platoons and one in each company is the Senior Under Officer, who commands the company in the absence of the Company Commander. Under Officers enjoy certain privileges not granted to the remainder of the cadets. Cadets rise at 7 a.m. and have to be ready

for roll-call at 7.40, when they are inspected by their Platoon Under Officers, and then proceed to breakfast. Each cadet has a room to himself. On joining the College cadets are put "on the square" and drilled for the nine weeks of their first term for seven hours a week, at the end of which time they are considered fit to take their place with the remaining cadets of the College.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE "NUTRIA" AND AN INVASION SCARE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

SEVERAL of my readers have lately sent me newspaper cuttings recording the fact that a number of specimens of that huge and formidable-looking rodent known as the "nutria," or coypu (*Myocastor coypu*), have lately been killed in this country and sent to the British Museum of Natural History. All expressed a fear that we may presently find ourselves threatened with an invasion comparable to that of the musk-rat of some years ago. This fear, indeed, was sufficiently real to find expression in a question addressed to the Minister of Agriculture in the House of Commons in the middle of May as to whether he was aware of the danger which threatened us, having regard to the serious state of affairs occasioned some years ago by hordes of musk-rats, which were rapidly spreading all over the country. That danger was a very real one, but vigorous methods soon led to their extermination. But we need not fear that the nutria will repeat the records of the musk-rat. To begin with, an animal two feet long is not likely to succeed in avoiding detection very long, and it is not nearly so prolific. Whether the specimens that have been killed have all escaped from fur farms or whether they are the progeny of no more than a single pair which have regained their freedom is not known.

The nutria is the coypu of zoological text-books, and examples thereof used, years ago, to be frequently exhibited by showmen as "giant rats" caught in London sewers, which are famous for rats! Unfortunately for the poor animal, a highly profitable market was found for its fur. Hence for many years as many as 300,000 to 500,000 skins were imported annually from the Argentine. But the demand for "nutria fur" has, I believe, declined; probably because the supply diminished till the cost of collecting exceeded the profits!

But there are many other and far more interesting things to be said of the coypu, which haunts the rivers and lakes of South America on both sides of the Andes from Chile to Peru. Here they live after the manner of the beaver, feeding on the roots, leaves, and seeds of water-plants, and sheltering in burrows some three or four feet beneath the surface and ending in large chambers. Herein the young are brought forth. Where the banks are not sufficiently high to afford a nursery of this kind, a platform for their reception is formed of sticks among the reeds. When the young, some eight or nine in a litter, are able to leave the nest, they emerge with the mother in the evening for exercise. As many as can obtain a foothold mount upon her back; the rest swim behind.

Their ability to adjust themselves to new conditions is attested by Darwin, who, in the course of his memorable voyage, found them on the various islands of the Chonos Archipelago, thus exchanging a fresh-

water for a salt-water habitat—a change which entailed a new diet, at least in part, molluscs being regularly hunted and eaten. But one wonders how and when they discovered these marine fastnesses. Having regard to their great swimming powers, this venture out to sea presented no great difficulties. For how many generations they have been tenants of these islands we do not know. But it is to be hoped

demand the further attention of anatomists, for I can find no information thereon. When opportunity presents itself I propose myself to investigate the matter.

Another peculiarity is seen in the skull of the rodents, and this is well shown in that of the coypu. In Fig. 2 it will be noticed there is a wide and deep, trough-like groove between the hinder end of the great cheek-bar, bounded internally by the skull at a point immediately behind the hindmost of the cheek-teeth. This groove, which coincides with the long axis of the skull, receives the articular surface of the lower jaw and allows it to slide backwards and forwards while the operation of chewing or gnawing is taking place. In the sheep or the dog, for example, this articular surface, to form the hinge of the jaw, has its long axis at right angles to the long axis of the skull, and is bounded behind either by a spur or a ridge of bone which prevents any backward sliding of the jaw.

In the rodent skull there are no canine teeth and the cheek-teeth are both restricted in number and complex in structure, as may be seen by comparing the palate views of the coypu and the capybara, for example (Figs. 2 and 3). In many rodents these cheek-teeth tend to meet one another in the front of the palate. In these two skulls we see the extreme development of this tendency, for they nearly touch. In the coypu there are three molars and one premolar, and their surfaces display a complex system of folds of enamel which stand out beyond the softer dentine forming the greater part of the substance of the tooth. And these upstanding ridges give a greater grinding power to the jaws. In the capybara, the giant among living rodents—having a length of five feet—the pattern of the molars is different,

but they are no less efficient as "mill-stones." But these teeth are furthermore interesting from the fact that though this number is the same as in the coypu, the last, or hindmost, molar is of enormous size, recalling that of the elephant. In both these skulls, it will be noticed, the combined grinding surface of the molars slopes upwards on each side, instead of being flat, as one would expect. These sloping surfaces prevent any appreciable side-to-side movements in chewing, while the long, articular trough, well seen in the capybara skull, allows extensive front-to-back movement.

If we compare the teeth of the squirrel, mice and voles, the coypu, capybara, and hares and rabbits, we find an interesting range of differences, especially in the grinding surfaces of the cheek-teeth. Yet they present

no such contrasts as are to be found among the carnivora. Geologically speaking, the evolution of these two groups began at the same age, dating back to the Eocene. But the greater uniformity in the character of the teeth of the rodents is to be attributed to the uniformity of their feeding habits.



1. THE SUBJECT OF A QUESTION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE "NUTRIA," OR COYPU (*MYOCASTOR COYPU*), WHICH HAS OCCASIONED ANXIETY LEST IT SHOULD INVADE OUR RIVERS, AS DID THE MUSK-RATS SOME YEARS AGO.

The "Nutria" is aquatic in habits and its movements on land are ungainly. The outer fur is long and coarse, but the under-fur is beautifully soft. (Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.)

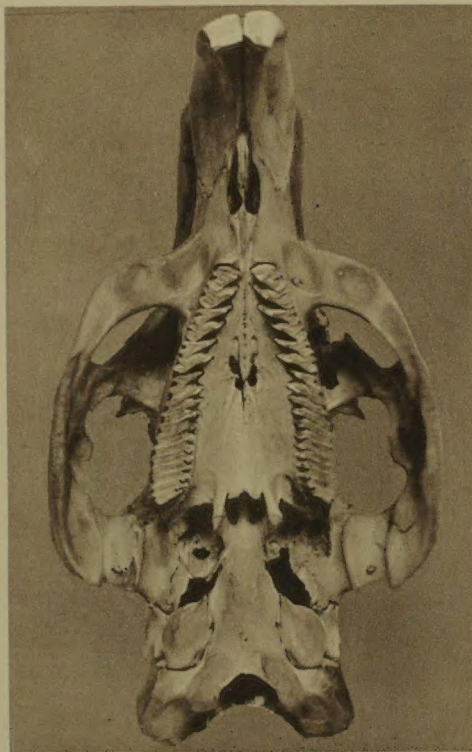


2. SHOWING THE UPSTANDING RIDGES OF THE CHEEK-TEETH, WHICH SERVE AS "MILL-STONES" IN CRUSHING THE FOOD BETWEEN THE UPPER AND LOWER SERIES: A PALATE-VIEW OF THE SKULL OF THE COYPU, IN WHICH THE CHISEL-LIKE INCISORS, USED FOR GNAWING, ARE VERY LARGE AND POWERFUL.

that some day specimens will be secured to enable a careful examination to be made as to whether their isolation and changed habits have brought about any marked difference in size or coloration or structural changes in regard to the limbs and teeth.

The coypu has been often, and not inaptly, compared with the beaver, for in habits and structure they have much in common, including webbed hind feet. But the tail, which is fairly long, scale-covered and sparsely haired, is round, not broad and flat. One very striking feature of the coypu is the great size of the incisor teeth. In connection with these, which are used in all the rodents exclusively for gnawing, we have to notice an interesting adjustment of the mouth to this mode of feeding. Herein, immediately behind

these teeth, the inner lining of the lips is hairy and grows inwards on each side to form a "stopper" to prevent the gnawed material from passing backwards into the cavity of the mouth. But when actually feeding, as apart from gnawing, the action of this "stopper" is inhibited, affording thus a free passage for the food. This point seems to



3. FOR COMPARISON WITH FIG. 2: THE PALATE-VIEW OF THE SKULL OF THE CAPYBARA, IN WHICH THE CHEEK-TEETH, AS IN THE COYPU, NEARLY TOUCH ONE ANOTHER IN THE FRONT OF THE PALATE.

The hindmost of these four "grinders" fills more than half the space of the whole row. The trough forming the hinge for the lower jaw, as in the coypu, is seen at the hinder end of the cheek-bar, where it turns inwards to join the brain-case. (Photograph by E. J. Manly.)

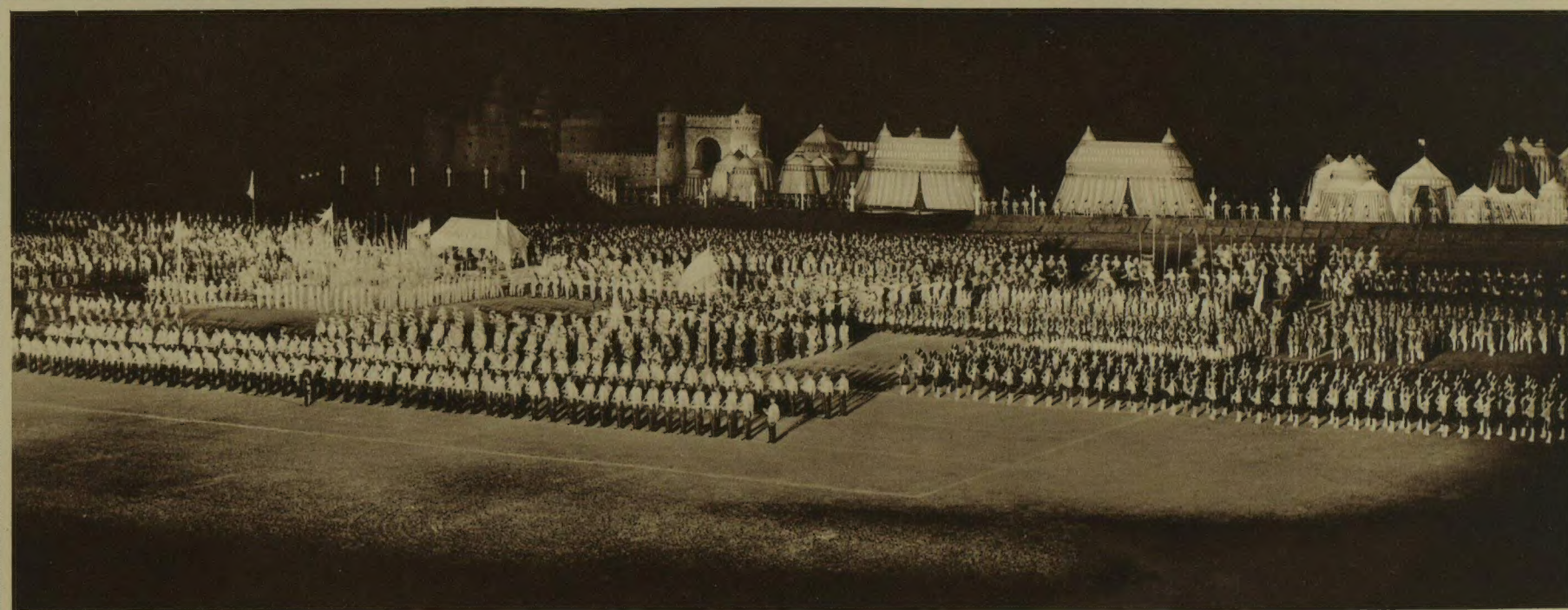
ON "THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD": THE GREAT ALDERSHOT TATTOO.



"THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD": HENRY VIII'S MEETING WITH FRANÇOIS I. OF FRANCE AS THE CHIEF ITEM OF THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.



THE PHYSICAL CULTURE DISPLAY: AN ITEM IN WHICH SIX HUNDRED PERFORMERS EXERCISE IN DARKNESS WITH ILLUMINATED INDIAN CLUBS.



THE GRAND FINALE ON THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD: A GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF ALL THE TROOPS TAKING PART IN THE TATTOO.

All who have seen the Aldershot Tattoo will agree that each year it provides the greatest military spectacle of all. With to-night's performance (June 11), the Tattoo ends its first phase, to recommence on June 14 and continue until June 18. For the nonce, the Rushmoor arena has been transformed into "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," the scene of the meeting between Henry VIII. and François I. of France on the Plain of Ardres, near Calais, in 1520. The gorgeous colourings of the tents in the encampments, gay with pennants and banners, and the half-size representation of the palace specially built by Henry VIII., provide a magnificent background for

the other items in the programme. These include a drill display by two battalions of the Guards in white shell-jackets; an historical episode ("The Assault and Capture of Fort Moro, in the West Indies"); a physical culture display with Indian Club swinging exercises during which the clubs are illuminated and, in the darkness, appear like many-coloured Catherine-wheels; fireworks; a Highland display by The Gordon Highlanders and The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; evolutions with lanterns; and the Grand Finale, with the French and English kings meeting to demonstrate their friendship on The Field of the Cloth of Gold. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.)

AN EYE-WITNESS IN FRANCO'S SPAIN.

WAR AIMS, AND THE ATTITUDE OF THE PEASANTRY—
AS SEEN BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

By J. L. ALEXANDER.

On this and on the opposite page, we print another article and further photographs by Mr. J. L. Alexander, our special artist and correspondent in Spain. In our last issue, he dealt with conditions in Franco's Spain from a general point of view; here he describes more particularly how the Nationalists are handling the problem of Spain's peasantry. The Fascist programme of the Falange Española has promised agriculture encouragement in various forms, such as the redemption of cultivable land, special agricultural credits and price regulation. The functioning of the "corporations" dealing with agriculture is being watched with interest, for on their efficiency depends much of the future popularity of General Franco's régime. Mr. J. L. Alexander's views are, of course, strictly his own, and not necessarily editorial.

A GREAT deal has been and is still being said about the heroic stand of democracy before the onslaught of Fascism in Spain. It cannot be doubted that there are in Government Spain, struggling with their backs to the wall and against increasingly overwhelming odds, many sincere idealists, men of sound heart and good intention for the future of humanity. And even though one may not agree with the tenets of Socialism or Communism, one has to admit that within the Communist and Socialist organisations there are men of high intelligence, discipline, and administrative ability. But the crux of the matter lies in the questions: supposing that their theories are desirable in practise, are these select few capable of controlling and guiding the rag-tag and bob-tail?—and, is it possible or desirable to organise Spain according to the plans of Soviet Socialism and to make her a centre for Russian "Internationalism"? For those are the issues that have to be decided when one is debating the merits of the opposing forces. It is vain to talk of Republicanism

particular form and direction which the Spanish Revolution should take. There are, of course, many side issues, conflicting interests and view-points on both sides, but the two main causes for which men are laying down

their lives are Spain and International Sovietism. In villages which have been occupied or are still occupied

conflict of ideals which might otherwise have proved serious when the war is over. For the Falange have looked upon the Requetes as reactionaries, standing as they do for the romantic mysticism of Catholic Spain and the Carlist kings, without social or economic plan. But since they are now one movement the Requetes are bound to accept the programme of Falange upon which the reformation of Spain is founded.

The twenty-six points which are the basis of the social and economic order that they intend to establish are published in the form of a pamphlet entitled "The Argument of the New Spain." It is based on the Socialist doctrine of the Corporate State, and pays especial attention to agriculture, which is Spain's chief industry and one which is crying out for reform and justice. At the moment the peasantry all over Spain lives in squalor, the victim of extreme poverty and exploitation. As one drives through the rich vegas and looks with admiration at the seemingly endless sweeps of budding vines and green corn, the comparison between land and people strikes one forcibly. The one is so rich and the other so poor, yet it is the hard, patient toil of the peasant from sunrise to sunset which produces that fertility and abundance. So far he has reaped no reward. He has suffered under feudalism, and, when he owns his own land, from the unscrupulousness of the city merchant. He has been without aid or protection. It is with these people that one's sympathy should lie. Many of them live in mere holes in the ground. In Aragon and Andalusia there are villages which are composed entirely of dwellings cut out of the face of a cliff or burrowed in a hillock. The pity is that Spain did not awake long ago and that some leader who was capable of doing as well as talking did not rise to fight the cause of her country-people.

During the war it is naturally impossible that sweeping reforms should be made or that a Government should risk success by dislocating the system that is in existence. Nevertheless, the Government of General Franco has already laid the foundations of the order which it intends to establish when peace is restored. Under the new régime the rural population should be protected against exploitation, and marketing organisations will eliminate the profiteering of the middle-man and ensure that the producer receives a price that is proportionate to his labours and which cannot fall below a certain level.

In the business of winning the confidence of the peasants who, as I have said, form the backbone both of the nation



AFTER GENERAL FRANCO'S MARCH OFFENSIVE IN ARAGON: THE CHURCH TOWER AT FUENTES DE EBRO, WHICH WAS IN THE FRONT LINE IN THAT MONTH.

by the Government forces such slogans as "Our country is the World," are painted in huge letters on the walls, and the Soviet star is everywhere in evidence. In National territory the only consideration is Spain.

In wartime few men are sufficiently articulate or imaginative to claim that they are fighting for anything more than their country. During the Great War the soldiers of England felt they were simply slogging away "for King and country." The rank and file of the Nationalist troops in Spain are no clearer on the question of what it is really all about. They are just defending Spain against the menace of the "Red monster," some because they genuinely believe that the supremacy of the Communists and Anarchists would be disastrous; others—especially the uneducated peasants—because they are well fed and cared for in the Army. But the members of the volunteer organisations such as Falange and Requete, the volunteers of Aragon and Navarre, are very decidedly serving a cause. The cause of Falange is the New Spain, social progress and justice and the National Socialist Syndicalist movement as opposed to the international Socialism and economy of Marx. The Requetes are crusading for Christendom, for a mystic conception of Traditional Spain, their watchword is "Christ the King." The Falange have given Franco's revolt the impetus of a social revolution: the Requetes have brought to it the virtue of a Holy War. Without these two bodies he could not have hoped for success, and



RELIGIOUS PERVOUR ON GENERAL FRANCO'S SIDE: SOLDIERS STANDING BENEATH A POSTER PROCLAIMING A "CRUSADE" AGAINST THE FORCES OF "ANTI-GOD."

and Liberalism, however much one may cherish all that those words stand for. Basically this is a struggle between Nationalism and Internationalism, of Order and Tradition against Bolshevism. Around the Red core there are Moderates, just as there were Kerenskys around, the core of the Russian Revolution, but from a certain knowledge of Spain both before and during the Civil War, I cannot believe that Azana and his fellow Socialists and Liberals would fare any better than their Russian prototypes in an attempt to lead Spain along the orthodox lines of which they are champions or to curb the spate of extremism.

Ever since the glory of her imperial star began to wane Spain has been an unhappy land where there has been much talk and little action. It is surprising that her suffering workers and peasantry did not long ago become exasperated by rulers who alternately oppressed and promised, and who, Monarchist and Republican alike, repeatedly failed to fulfil these promises. That the Spanish proletariat did not take the law into its own hands are now can only be attributed to its backwardness and fatalism. The revolt has come at last, and in a way that is typically Spanish it has only come after all the other great European countries have already achieved a revolution—that in Great Britain has been so smooth that many people are not even aware of it. Broadly speaking, the war is being fought to decide the



THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN NATIONALIST SPAIN: PEASANT WOMEN CARRYING LIGHTED CANDLES ENTERING A VILLAGE CHURCH WHICH HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN STRIPPED OF ITS ORNAMENTS.

Mr. Alexander notes of the above scene: "It is significant that as soon as the Reds are driven out of a town or village the people emerge from their houses bearing crucifixes and the figures of Saints and Madonnas which they have concealed. They go quietly to their church and do what they can to restore it to its former state."

his mastery over them, although he has only been leader since the outbreak of the war, is shown by the fact that he has succeeded in uniting them. This unification during the war should tend to lessen, if not entirely remove, the



TYPICAL OF THE RAVAGES OF CIVIL WAR: A RUINED AND BURNT-OUT CHURCH.

and the army, Franco and the Falangists have the advantage over their enemies. The Spanish countryman, like his fellows in other lands, is not remarkable for his keenness of mind or his interest in political theory, but he is shrewd and suspicious. The Communists have worked too fast: they rushed into attempts at collectivisation before they had coped with the task immediately in hand—that of winning the war. In many towns and villages they let it be known that the land no longer belonged to the people and prohibited private trading. I met poor men who have been fined as much as 500 pesetas for selling their own produce. To the peasant that sum is approximately equivalent to £10. This was a fundamental mistake. It mystified and antagonised the countryman. The last thing that he wants is to lose his land; he desires his own property, liberty to trade with the sureness of not being exploited, and the dignity of a free man. He has nothing in common with the city Reds and strongly resents the idea that they should come out and try to impose strange, unnatural plans upon the country districts. He is accustomed to judge things by facts and results. And the facts are that when the Communists retreat and the Nationalists become the masters of the district in which he lives, he finds that he again owns his own land, is able to buy and sell freely, and generally enjoys more liberty. That is the view-point of every peasant with whom I spoke. They judge by what they see and by how they fare.

AN EYE-WITNESS IN FRANCO'S SPAIN: THE EVERYDAY ROUND AT THE FRONT.



ON THE CATALONIAN FRONT: ARTILLERYMEN BIVOUACKING AMONG OLIVE-TREES—WITH CAMOUFLAGED TENTS AND WAGON COVERS; THEIR BATTERY BEING COMPOSED OF VOLUNTEERS FROM THE BLUE ARROW (SPANISH) LEGION AND THE BLACK ARROW (ITALIAN) LEGION.



CAVALRY MOVING THROUGH A TOWN ON THE CATALONIAN FRONT: AN ARM WHICH OUR CORRESPONDENT WAS TOLD HAD PROVED EXTREMELY USEFUL FOR THE WORK OF MOPPING UP ISOLATED REPUBLICAN POCKETS HOLDING OUT IN MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY IN THE WAKE OF THE ADVANCE.



NATIONALIST ARTILLERYMEN DRAWING THEIR RATIONS—AND ALL WEARING STEEL HELMETS: AN ASPECT OF ARMY ORGANISATION WHICH OUR CORRESPONDENT FOUND WAS WELL ATTENDED TO, THE MEN GETTING EGGS, BEANS, FRIED POTATOES AND WINE.



MEN OF THE FOREIGN LEGION PARADING FOR THEIR MIDDAY MEAL—NONE WEARING A STEEL HELMET, SINCE THIS IS "NOT DONE" IN THE LEGION; WITH THE YOUTHFUL COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE BANDEIRA (BATTALION) WALKING TOWARDS THE CAMERA ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.



TRENCH WARFARE IN SPAIN: A SECTION OF THE LINE, SHOWING THE ENTRANCES TO DUG-OUTS ON THE RIGHT, AND ON THE EXTREME RIGHT WHAT MAY BE A FIRE-STEP; THE TRENCH HAVING UNREVETTED SIDES.



IN THE FRONT LINE ON THE EBRO, WHERE THE POSITIONS WERE STABILISED ABOUT 300 YARDS APART AT THE TIME OUR CORRESPONDENT VISITED THEM: A RIFLEMAN AND A MACHINE-GUNNER FIRING FROM A HOUSE WINDOW BARRICADED WITH SAND-BAGS.

Mr. J. L. Alexander sends us some interesting notes on the photographs taken by him which are reproduced above. In the mixed volunteer artillery battery seen bivouacking in the first illustration he discovered a Piedmontese who had taken part in the original Fascist march on Rome, and had served in Tripoli and Libya and also throughout the Abyssinian war, before coming to Spain. The survival of cavalry is a feature of the civil war which may or may not be of significance with reference to the vexed question of "mechanisation." It will be recalled that General Monasterio's cavalry force played a considerable part in the successful Nationalist

counter-offensive at Teruel in February. With regard to the Foreign Legion, Mr. Alexander writes: "Over 90 per cent. of the troops of the 'Foreign' Legion are Spanish, but I came across some American, French and Belgian volunteers. Members of the aristocracy are serving in the ranks and consider it a high honour to be admitted to this crack unit. The *esprit de corps* is second to none. Steel helmets are never worn by the Legionaries—it is just not done. This tradition, which is typical of the heroic mentality of the Spaniard, has accounted for many unnecessary casualties, and is, to say the least of it, unreasonable."

A "DUCK-BILLED" STATUE OF QUETZALCÓATL FOUND IN MEXICO.

A DISCOVERY OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO MEXICAN ARCHÆOLOGY: ONE OF THE FINEST KNOWN SCULPTURES FROM PRE-CORTEZ AMERICA AND A RARE REPRESENTATION OF ANCIENT MEXICO'S SUPREME DIVINITY—A STONE FIGURE RESTORED FROM THE FRAGMENTS INTO WHICH THE AZTECS BROKE IT ABOUT 1476 A.D.

By CESAR LIZARDI RAMOS. With Photographs by the Mexican Department of Monuments. Copyright Strictly Reserved. (See also Illustration on the Opposite Page.)

THIS year has begun well for Mexican archæology, because at the beginning of the spring the archæologist José García Payón uncovered at Calishtlahuaca, in the State of Mexico, an interesting and finely carved statue, which may be regarded as one of the best that have ever been discovered dating from a period in America before the days of Cortez. The statue represents the god Quetzalcóatl, the divinity of the remote legendary Ulmecas, and subsequently worshipped by the artistic Toltecs and the warlike Aztecs and other peoples who lived prior to the Spanish conquest.

The discovery of this beautiful statue is of tremendous importance to archæological research in Mexico, because it corroborates ancient traditions and historical evidence, besides affording an excellent example of the skill which had been attained in the arts by the ancient inhabitants of America. It also throws light on a number of customs of the pre-Cortez peoples, as I shall show later on, and owing to the circumstances in which the discovery was made, it permits of fixing very closely and beyond any doubt the age to which the statue belongs.

This statue—which is carved from the stone called andesite, abundant in the region—was "buried" in the terrace of what is known as the Temple of Quetzalcóatl, at Calishtlahuaca, near the stairway on the south-east side of that enormous structure, which is built up of a number of superimposed truncated cones. Señor García Payón states that the various fragments were placed in their correct positions, which shows that the burial of the image was intentional. The fact of the statue having been found at the foot of the round monument No. 3 at Calishtlahuaca, known from the beginning as the Temple of Quetzalcóatl, obviously proves that the chroniclers were right who told us that the temples dedicated to that god, who was the deity of the air, were circular in plan.

Further, it bears out the statements of the old historians, who have left us descriptions of the images of Quetzalcóatl. Father Diego Durán, for example, in the "Atlas," and his "History of the Indies of New Spain and the Islands of Terra Firma," gave an effigy of a god, with a detailed description. This account, referring to the idol worshipped at Cholula (in the present State of Puebla), states that it was

"mitre," and that half the face was painted yellow, whilst near the eye was a "black band." He also tells us that it wore suspended from the neck a golden jewel in the form of a butterfly's wing, which, as we know to-day, was the symbol of the air, and represents a periwinkle cut transversely.

With regard to the "black band," which passed close to the eye, Señor García Payón told me that the statue discovered by him retains traces of this band. He also explained that, as this statue represents an unclothed man wearing only an Indian *taparrabos* (loincloth), known to the ancient Mexicans by the name of *máxtlatl*, it is possible that the image was dressed by the priests in the temple for ceremonial purposes. The archæologist stated further that the sculpture was painted in various colours. There is, however, something more, which is of even

of sacrilege. Señor García Payón states that the fact of its having been buried by its worshippers, the Matlatzincas, is clearly proved by all the fragments being in position, the only missing portion being the left hand, which must have been lost when the Aztecs mutilated the statue. Had the breaking been accidental, all the parts of the statue would have been buried. The statue which I am describing here is one of the very few of the chief gods of the Indians which have been found. For that reason, the greatest importance attaches to its discovery.

The Mexican museums contain reliefs and statues of many gods of lesser importance, such as Centéotl, goddess of maize; Coatlicue, goddess of the earth; Chalchiuhtlicue, goddess of water; Schochipilli, god of flowers, and so on. Few representations are known, however, of a god of major importance such as Quetzalcóatl, and probably none like the one which has just been discovered. It must be remembered that Quetzalcóatl was the divinity *par excellence* of many tribes in ancient Mexico. His worship extended as far as Yucatán and Guatemala, where the god was known as Kukulcán and Gucumatz, names meaning "the feathered or precious serpent," like the Aztecs' substantive, Quetzalcóatl. The same god was the chief divinity of the Ulmecas, the tribe which is regarded as a civilising tribe. Having been the god of the Ulmecas, he also became that of all the peoples and tribes which succeeded them, such as the Toltecs and, the Aztecs, in particular.

With regard to the artistic qualities of the sculpture, a glance at the photographs will convince the reader that these are very considerable. It must, however, be borne in mind that the body of the American Indian does not, as a rule, possess either the slimmness or the curves of the classical body of the Greeks and Romans. On the contrary, it is rather short and heavy, with an appreciable degree of parallelism in the lines of the thorax, whilst the extremities are thick, and also reveal this parallelism.

The statue, including the pedestal, is approximately 6 ft. high. Attention may be called to the realistic carving of the head, which is no doubt of the brachycephalous type. The graceful curves in the chest and abdomen of Western man are non-existent in the body of the Indian, which is, in fact, exactly as shown in the statue. It represents a man of mature age. The contour of the clavicles is delicately suggested, as also are the knee-caps and shoulder-blades, and vertebral channel, details which impart verisimilitude and beauty to the back of the figure. The proportions of the various limbs are natural and artistic.

Much more could be said of the excellence of this statue, but the photographs represent more eloquently than any description the image of the famous Quetzalcóatl, the good, civilising god, creator of sciences, the calendar and the arts, discoverer of the basic food of the American Indian (maize), the enemy of human sacrifices—in a word, the enlightened god who embodied many of the best characteristics of Prometheus and Hercules. His doctrine was the simplest and purest of any known in virgin America. His worship, both simple and beautiful, was akin to the adoration of Venus, the morning and evening star, which, according to Indian poetic



WITH A CURIOUS CRESTED BEAK "LIKE THE MALLARD OF PERU": A STRANGE HALF-BIRD-FACED STONE STATUE OF THE GOD QUETZALCÓATL, RECENTLY FOUND AT CALISHTLAHUACA, MEXICO. (Height about 6 ft.)

greater importance: Señor García Payón has fixed the date of the statue of Quetzalcóatl, and affirms (on the basis of his extensive research in the region, described in his book, "The Archæological Zone of Tecáxic-Calixtlahuaca") that the sculpture was carved by the Matlatzincas (the ancient inhabitants of Calishtlahuaca), was destroyed by the Aztecs, and was finally interred by the Matlatzincas, in the period from 1476 to 1510 A.D.

This assertion is borne out by the fact that the fragments of the statue were found in structures dating from the fourth constructional era of Calishtlahuaca, a region in which he has been excavating for some years past. This era corresponds to the years mentioned above, as is proved scientifically by Señor García Payón, from the fact that the structure of the third era of the Temple of Quetzalcóatl was damaged by a severe earthquake, which must have been the one which occurred in Central Mexico in the year 1476 A.D. Regarding this point, I may add that when I visited the zone of Calishtlahuaca in company with Señor García Payón, he showed me the stairway dating from the third era of the Temple of Quetzalcóatl, the steps of which had been removed and displaced in a way which was only possible as the result of a great earthquake.

Moreover, the year 1476 marked the conquest of the territory of the Matlatzincas by the Aztecs, commanded by Ashayácatl, their sixth king. That year, too, saw the beginning in Calishtlahuaca of the fourth constructional era—corresponding to the Aztec-Matlatzinca civilisation, and represented, in the monument described here, by the outer stairway and the terrace extending in front of the latter, where Señor García Payón found the statue. It should be mentioned that the Stone of Tizoc—preserved in the National Museum of Mexico—reveals in its reliefs that the Matlatzinca people of Tecáxic, adjacent to Calishtlahuaca, were conquered by the seventh Aztec king, Tizoc, from which the archæologist infers that, during the war which led to that conquest, the Aztecs, who always destroyed their enemy's temples, must also have destroyed the image of the god.

Later on, the Matlatzincas repaired the building, added the terrace, and beneath it buried the broken statue of their god, perhaps in order to avoid its being the victim



SHOWING MORE CLEARLY THE STRANGE "CRESTS AND PROTUBERANCES" ON THE DUCK-LIKE BEAK: A SIDE VIEW OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED STATUE OF QUETZALCÓATL.

of wood and had a human figure, but the face of a bird, since it had a beak with crests and protuberances, like the mallard of Peru. He adds that it had rows of teeth and a hanging tongue; that it wore a pointed



SHOWING THE TAPARRABOS (OR LOIN-CLOTH), ITS ONLY GARMENT: THE BACK OF THE FIGURE, WHICH FOR RITUAL PURPOSES MAY HAVE BEEN DRESSED BY PRIESTS.

tradition, is nothing but the god's heart, which, after burning in a furnace near the sea, ascended to heaven and became transformed into the morning star, "which brings happiness to the houses of men."

A BEAKED QUETZALCÓATL: THE SUPREME GOD OF ANCIENT MEXICO.

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"THE ENLIGHTENED GOD WHO EMBODIED CHARACTERISTICS OF PROMETHEUS AND HERCULES" AND WHOSE WORSHIP SUGGESTS AFFINITIES WITH VENUS, THE MORNING STAR: QUETZALCÓATL AS PORTRAYED IN THE NEWLY-FOUND STATUE.

In his article on the opposite page Señor César Lizardi Ramos, a well-known Mexican archæologist, gives full details about the recent discovery of the statue illustrated above, which he considers of great importance, both in corroborating traditions and as an excellent example of the skill attained in art by American culture before the Spanish Conquest. This statue, he says, is one of the finest dating from the pre-Cortez period that has ever been found, and is one of the

very few representations of any of the chief deities of the "Indians" in that region. The curious duck-like beak corresponds with images of Quetzalcóatl described by ancient chroniclers. He was the supreme divinity of many tribes in ancient Mexico, and "embodied many of the best characteristics of Prometheus and Hercules." His worship also had affinities with that of Venus, since, according to legend, his heart was "transformed into the morning star."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I HAPPEN to be living (at the moment) in part of a large house that has seen better days, or at any rate, different days, and as I was burning the midnight current over the production of this article the other night, I fell to speculating on its former occupants, and wondering what scenes and conversations had taken place at different times in the quiet room where I was at work alone. It would hardly have seemed surprising if from that shadowy corner some early Victorian figure had emerged, or if the door had opened and there had trooped in a group like the Barretts of Wimpole Street, or some members of the Clan Forsyte, or the motley company in "Trelawney of the Wells." Actually, nothing spooky of that kind occurred, but the idea, and the books awaiting review, suggested a comparison between such a house as this and the European situation. Europe, too, has seen "better days" (they could scarcely have been worse), and its bygone inhabitants passed through many generations, each with its different leaders, conditions, problems, and family feuds.

The present state of Europe is closely and acutely analysed, by one of the most eminent of our political thinkers, in "PEACE WITH THE DICTATORS?" A Symposium and Some Conclusions. By Norman Angell (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.). Times have changed since the Great War so largely fulfilled the prophecy of "The Great Illusion," and Sir Norman Angell has had no need to labour anew the argument that war is not profitable either for victor or vanquished. To-day the problem assumes another shape, and he has stated it with his accustomed clarity and thoroughness. Most readers of his new book will probably be attracted chiefly to the Symposium forming Part I., a candid international debate conducted by representative (and, of course, imaginary) speakers. Explaining this device, and the scope of the work generally, Sir Norman says: "The Group [i.e., of debaters] includes an educated and intelligent German putting the case for his country; a similarly educated and travelled Italian putting the case for his. An Englishman in reply voices what he feels would be the 'collective view' of the other Englishmen of the circle, who thereupon supplement that reply. . . . The discussion is directed to the specific purpose of finding whether this country can maintain peace with the dictatorships without either surrendering its own defence or being pushed into a position which would compel it to fight in order to resist Totalitarian claims if they should finally grow into demands completely unacceptable. . . . Part II. of the book is devoted to an examination of the Pacifist position; Part III. to brief summaries of certain points and a final general summary and conclusion."

It is naturally impossible to recapitulate in a short space all the various arguments in the Symposium, but it should certainly be read by all who wish to understand the various national points of view. The remainder of the book lends itself more easily to epitome and quotation, but even here an isolated extract or two can be no sufficient substitute for the full and careful study which a work of this calibre demands. As far as I can judge, the core of Sir Norman Angell's conclusions, and of his practical advice at the present juncture, is contained in the following passage: "Make of the existing Anglo-French combination the nucleus of a Defensive Confederation open to all who will accept its principles and obligations. . . . Take the usual objection: 'Such a combination would divide Europe into two rival groups.' What is the present position? We say: Because the inviolability of French soil is necessary to our security, we stand by France, however obstinate or provocative her policy. It is the old method of rival alliances. By the suggested modification we say: Our policy is pledged not primarily to the defence of this or that ally, but to the defence of a law—peace. As under Locarno, we are prepared to defend Germany against violence by Russia, as we are also prepared to defend Russia against Germany. . . . A new League? No, the old League rebuilt bit by bit; an old problem approached in a new, perhaps a more realistic, way. . . . To limit our obligation to France and Belgium is not to limit our liability. We had no obligation at all to defend Serbia, yet aggression upon her involved us in vast liabilities. Our liability would have been less if our obligation had been more; which brings us to the ultimate issue in this problem. To the question, 'Could the war have been prevented?'

Mr. Lloyd George and other statesmen and historians most concerned have answered, 'Yes, if only Germany had known beforehand that in following the line she did she would have to meet the forces that finally entered the field against her.'

Such, in its main outline, is Sir Norman Angell's suggestion in regard to British policy. Later, he stresses again the importance of announcing beforehand our attitude towards Russia, and possible co-operation with her in defence of France. Criticising present tendencies, he says: "In other words, we propose to repeat the error of 1914. The anti-Russian feeling in Britain is so deep and so vocal that Germany may well be persuaded that we should never co-operate with Russia. . . . A policy which would have implied closer relations with Russia and have enabled the Spanish Government to defeat Franco, was so deeply distasteful to large sections of our own people . . . that the danger to France and to us . . . has not been faced; probably has not been realised. And again, the fact that the preferences or prejudices have a great deal to be said for them, that there are aspects of the Russian régime, for instance, or some features of the record of the Spanish Government, which strike one as plainly abominable, does not lessen the danger of repeating once more the error of 1914. . . . One might, like the German in the Symposium, summarise

in the Symposium, who

says: "I agree that the barbarities of Russia are just as great as those of Germany, but Russia was always a pure autocracy, which Germany was not. Russia had not, at the time of . . . the revolution emerged from Asiatic barbarism; at the time of the German revolution Germany was a highly civilised State. In other words, a condition which is . . . for Russia an advance is for Germany retrogression. . . . The tendency and direction in the one case need not greatly disturb us, but in the other, the German case, is a dire menace. There is, of course, a further point. . . . Russia is not an expansionist State, does not desire the territory of others; . . . Germany, Italy and Japan are all alike declaredly expansionist and are actually engaged in the absorption of the



A FAIREY "BATTLE" MEDIUM BOMBER PRACTISING WITH 11½-LB. SMOKE-BOMBS ON THE TARGET ON THE SHORES OF THE WASH: A "SALVO" OF FOUR BOMBS STILL IN THE HORIZONTAL POSITION AFTER HAVING BEEN RELEASED FROM THE EXTERNAL BOMB-RACK UNDER THE WING.



WITH SMOKE FROM FOUR BOMBS, WHICH HAVE FALLEN SHORT OF THEIR OBJECTIVE, DRIFTING ACROSS IT: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE TRIANGULAR TARGET USED FOR BOMBING PRACTICE AT NO. 3 ARMAMENT TRAINING CAMP.

As explained on the facing page, No. 3 Armament Training Camp at Sutton Bridge, Holbeach, Lincs, is used by visiting squadrons for machine-gun and bombing practice. The bombing target is situated on the shores of the Wash. (Photographs by Sport and General.)

the situation by saying that we have not made up our minds if Bolshevism or Germanism is the greater danger."

Russia, it would seem, really lies at the root of the European problem. The Englishman finds it difficult to discover whether ordinary people are happier and more prosperous under Soviet rule or under Fascism, whether German or Italian. What would have really happened in Italy or Germany if the authoritarians had not stepped in? Sir Norman Angell remarks: "Not only is the Totalitarian definition of 'Bolshevism' extremely elastic, but, in fact, the Fascist doctrine is obviously much more endangered by the continued success of democratic institutions than by Moscow Communism. Fascism has more to fear from Democracy than from Socialism."

An interesting comparison between the Fascist and Communist States, again, is expressed by a speaker

territory of others." On the other hand, it appears to be widely admitted that the Soviet, though satisfied with its vast territories, does seek to promote revolutions elsewhere. Alleged subversive activities of the Comintern were described recently in a *Times* article, which, as far as I know, has not been refuted.

In books of controversy the gist of the author's case is generally to be found at the end. Sir Norman Angell, in his concluding passage, states rather more specifically what he has in mind in proposing his Defensive Confederation. "If," he declares, "the Peace Front is to be created Britain must take the initiative. . . . Britain, as 'owner' of a quarter of the world, alone can make offers which would show that the purpose of her power is not monopolisation but a widening of economic opportunity. . . . Those nations which value freedom must combine, make of their potential power a single unit, a unification arising from the principle that an attack on one is an attack on all. But that unification of power . . . must offer to those against whom it arms the same rights of independence, freedom, peace, economic opportunity, which it is formed to defend. If this were done, if it became evident to those engaged in the Fascist thrust, that their policy would bring them up against the solid wall of Britain, France, Russia, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian States, with America as a possibility in the background, there would be no war."

Some revealing comments on the outbreak of the Great War by one who fought in it, occur in a delightful book of reminiscence-cum-criticism, representing a plain English view of life and politics, entitled "AMONG OTHERS." By Lord Elton, author of "The Testament of Dominic Burrell" (Collins; 6s. 6d.). Lord Elton is a Rugbians and belongs to the war generation of Oxford men. After joining up in 1914, he went to India, learnt soldiering at Quetta, and then served in Mesopotamia. He was wounded at Kut, and for over two years was a prisoner in the hands of the Turks. After the war, he joined the Labour Party, but in 1931 followed his friend and leader, Ramsay MacDonald. He has since become known as a historian, having been lecturer in Modern History at Oxford, and more recently has made a wide reputation by his broadcast talks under the title, "It Occurs to Me." The present volume is not a complete account of his career, but rather, "some pages of autobiography selected to explain and justify the author's present beliefs and prejudices."

Possibly the charm of Lord Elton's literary style owes something to his microphone experiences, of which he gives a very interesting description, dwelling on the curious sense of intimacy he was able to feel with his vast and invisible audience, and which, conversely, the listeners felt (as expressed in many letters he received) with the "disembodied voice" that spoke to them. Be that as it may, [Continued on page 1072.]

"AIR ARTILLERY": A HIT ILLUSTRATING THE EFFICIENCY OF R.A.F. BOMBERS.



AFTER HAVING "FIRED" AT AN OBJECTIVE BEYOND THE RANGE OF BIG GUNS: A FAIREY "BATTLE" MEDIUM BOMBER CLIMBING RAPIDLY AFTER HAVING DROPPED A LOAD OF SMOKE-BOMBS ON THE TRIANGULAR TARGET.

This photograph was taken at No. 3 Armament Training Camp at Sutton Bridge, Holbeach, Lincs, as were those on the facing page. The station is visited by two squadrons at a time for three or four weeks' intensive training in gunnery and bombing. The targets used for machine-gun practice are either drogues towed by aeroplanes or sloping wooden frames intended to represent troops on the ground; while bombing is carried out on the shores of the Wash with a triangular wooden frame as the objective. Light smoke-bombs are used and observers are thus able to see how close their missiles have fallen to the target. The Royal Air Force

places a high value on its bombers, which it regards as long-range guns able to deal with a military objective beyond the reach of the artillery. A contemporary has described them as "artillery of the air." In the photograph above a Fairey "Battle" is seen climbing rapidly after dropping a bomb on the target, and it is interesting to note that this type of medium bomber is capable of a speed of 240 m.p.h. at 10,000 ft. and can climb to that height in 8 min. 24 sec. Bombs are stowed in four cells in the wings and additional bombs may be carried on external racks. It has a range of 1,000 miles. (*Photograph by Sport and General.*)

THE SCHIFF SALE: A NEW YORK COLLECTION TO BE DISPERSED HERE.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS, 8 KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.1.



"L'ASSEMBLÉE AU SALON."—BY N. LAVREINCE (1737-1807).
(13×18½ in.)



"L'ASSEMBLÉE AU CONCERT."—BY N. LAVREINCE,
A SWEDISH-BORN PAINTER WHO FIRST VISITED PARIS
IN 1771. (13×18½ in.)



"JACQUELINE DE ROHAN."—BY CORNEILLE DE LYON
(died after 1576). (7½×5½ in.)



"CEPHISE ACCOMPANIED BY HER LITTLE
DOG."—BY J. M. MOREAU LE JEUNE
(1741-1815). (12½×9 in.)



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY," PERHAPS LADY COVENTRY—
PAINTED BY J. B. PERRONNEAU (1731-1796) IN 1773.
(27½×22½ in.)



"THE LEGEND OF ST. MARTIN": THE SECOND OF TWO PANELS BY BERNARD
VAN ORLEY (?1493-?1542). (26½×29½ in.)



"PORTRAITS OF A GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE."—BY JEAN BOURDICHON (c. 1457-1521).
(7½×5 in. each.)

The remarkable collection of pictures and drawings formed by the late Mr. Montague L. Schiff, of New York, is to be dispersed at Christie's on June 24. Mr. Schiff had a great liking for works by eighteenth-century French masters: certain of these are reproduced on this page. The Lavreince gouache paintings are of great historical interest. The Salon scene is probably set in one of the rooms at the old Hôtel de Luynes, and includes the Duchesse de Luynes, the Duc de Luynes and the Abbé de Beauveau. In the concert scene Mlle. de Condé is seen in the centre, with her

back against the piano, which the Princesse de Lamballe is playing, and Count Lersen (facing the Princess) is playing the 'cello. The Moreau drawing is a study for "Le Rendezvous pour Marly," an engraving in the second set of the "Monument du Costume." The Bernard van Orley is the second of two panels, and shows Saint Martin, Bishop of Tours, kneeling before the Madonna and Child and a group of saints. In the background Saint Donatus, patron saint against thunderstorms, is restoring to life a man who has been struck by a tree which a storm has torn down.

THE SCHIFF SALE: THE MAGNIFICENT VAN DER WEYDEN PANEL OFFERED.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.



"THE DREAM OF POPE SERGIUS."—PAINTED BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN ABOUT 1450: THE FINEST WORK TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER. (34½ × 31½ in.)

Roger van der Weyden's "Dream of Pope Sergius" is the finest thing in the Schiff collection, which is being dispersed at Christie's. It depicts the legend which tells that the Pope dreamed that Saint Lambert, Bishop of Liège, was dead and thereupon appointed Saint Hubert in his place. Saint Hubert, having decided to give up the worldly life, had sought out Saint Lambert, desiring religious instruction. Advised to make a pilgrimage to Rome, Saint Hubert was there when his friend was assassinated by the followers of Pepin; simultaneously with the event, Pope Sergius heard the news from an Angel who bore a mitre and pastoral staff indicating that

Hubert should be made bishop. In the foreground, through a double-arched apartment, the Pope in his robes is kneeling asleep by a bed with an Angel before him bearing the mitre and pastoral staff; by the side of the house the Pope is seen leaving the apartment followed by two Cardinals; at the back, on the right, are seen old St. Peter's, Rome, and the Castle of Saint Angelo, down by the river. The panel was painted about 1450, and is said to be part of a large altar-piece, probably done for St. Peter's Church, in Liège. Another piece of the altar-piece is in the National Gallery. Both panels were once owned by Lord Bessborough.

BOOBIES THAT NOISILY PECK VISITORS' LEGS; AND FEARLESS IGUANAS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LADY BROUGHTON. COPYRIGHT RESERVED. (SEE ALSO HER NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



WITH A REMARKABLE OVERHANGING CLIFF: TYPICAL FORMATIONS OF CORALLINE LIMESTONE ON EASTERN SWAN ISLAND (ONE OF A PAIR LYING BETWEEN JAMAICA AND BRITISH HONDURAS) ON WHICH LANDING IS ONLY POSSIBLE AT TWO PLACES.

A RARE SPECIES OF RODENT ON THE UNINHABITED EASTERN SWAN ISLAND: THE HUTIA (*CAPROMYS BRACHYURUS THORACATUS*)—WITH THE SHORT, SMOOTH TAIL EXTENDED.



A BOOBY (*SULA LEUCOGASTER*) WITH HER WHITE YOUNG, ON EASTERN SWAN ISLAND: BIRDS THAT OFTEN LAY TWO EGGS BUT APPARENTLY REAR ONLY ONE CHICK.



ONE OF THE LAND IGUANAS—EASILY CAUGHT—THAT SWARM ON EASTERN SWAN ISLAND: A SPECIMEN OF THESE TREE-CLIMBING REPTILES, WITH ITS PENDULOUS DEWLAP UNDER THE THROAT FULLY EXTENDED, BESIDE A CLUMP OF CACTUS.



WITH THE PENDULOUS DEWLAP (SEEN IN THE RIGHT-HAND CENTRE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE) HERE DRAWN IN: A LAND IGUANA ON EASTERN SWAN ISLAND, SHOWING THE NASAL TUBERCLES (NOTED UNDER A COLOURED PHOTOGRAPH OPPOSITE).



A TREE BOOBY (*SULA PISCATOR*) ON ITS NEST IN A TREE-TOP: A BIRD OF THE ARBOREAL TYPE ON EASTERN SWAN ISLAND, WHERE THE VEGETATION IS IN PLACES VERY DENSE BUT NOT OVER 15 FT. HIGH.

Here are further examples of Lady Broughton's very interesting nature photographs (taken during a cruise in Lord Moyne's yacht) supplementing her colour photographs opposite and in our last issue. In his description of the hutia, partly quoted on the facing page, Lord Moyne writes further: "The only effective defence of these little animals is the thick and prickly vegetation among which

they make their homes. As there is no soil on the island and they have no opportunity of burrowing, they live in the jagged fissures in the coral rock. This rock is eroded at such sharp angles that it tears leather boots." Regarding the tameness of the boobies, he says: "Both adults and chicks merely peck noisily at one's legs without any attempt to escape."



BIRDS ON AN UNINHABITED ISLET, ONE OF THE TWO SWAN ISLANDS, BETWEEN JAMAICA AND BRITISH HONDURAS: SOME OF THE BOOBIES (*SULA LEUCOGASTER*) THAT NEST ALL ROUND IT IN GREAT NUMBERS AND ARE EXTREMELY TAME; WHILE TREE BOOBIES (*SULA PISCATOR*) AND FRIGATE BIRDS ARE ALSO FOUND.



A UNIQUE DENIZEN OF THE SWAN ISLANDS: *CAPROMYS BRACHYURUS THORACATUS*, BELONGING TO AN ANCIENT GENUS OF RODENTS GENERALLY KNOWN AS HUTIA.



DISTINGUISHED FROM OTHER TYPES BY TUBERCLES ON THE NOSE: A SWAN ISLAND IGUANA (TREE-CLIMBING REPTILES SOME 5 FT. LONG AND EASILY CAUGHT).

NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY ON AN UNINHABITED CARIBBEAN ISLE: ANIMAL, BIRD, AND REPTILE LIFE—TAME CREATURES OF THE WILD.

During his Caribbean cruise Lord Moyne visited not only the Bay Islands—the scene of his archaeological discoveries (see our issue of May 21)—but also the two Swan Islands, one of which is uninhabited and proved extremely interesting for its fauna and flora. It was here that these photographs were taken. The islet, half a square mile in area, consists of coralline rock, thick with cactus and other vegetation. Writing in the "Telegraph and Morning Post," Lord Moyne said: "Innumerable boobies and a few frigate birds nest on the island. Like all the other living creatures,

the boobies are astonishingly tame. Land iguanas are far more numerous than I have ever seen them, even on Galapagos, and are so indifferent to human approach that they can easily be seized by the tail. The greatest interest, however, is the hutia or capromys, a curious rodent about the size of a rabbit which lives in crevices of the coral rock. It is so tame that it would quickly be exterminated if it had any human neighbours. . . . There are only four other living species of hutia in Cuba and Jamaica, and these are nearly extinct. We decided to bring back live specimens."

NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY LADY BROUGHTON. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



"TO MAINTAIN THE LAW."

"MOUNTIES" WORKING THROUGH THE FASTNESSES OF THE ROCKIES, WHERE THEIR MOTOR-CYCLES ARE USELESS. -
BY ARTHUR HEMING, PAINTER OF THE CANADIAN WILDS.

The work of Mr. Arthur Heming, famous for his records of life in the Canadian wilds both in print and on canvas, is already known to our readers. Many journeys in the northern wilds have provided him with his material. His early work was in black and white. Forty-eight years as a magazine illustrator specialising in the delineation of wild animals gave him facility of expression. Some ten years ago he exhibited pictures in the same sober style, but carried out in oil pigments and with the additional use of yellow. Finally, an English painter, Richard Jack, R.A., induced him to work with a full palette. He had an exhibition in 1936 in London, at the gallery of Messrs. Frost and Reed, who act as his agents in this country. The exhibition, opened by the Canadian High Commissioner, proved a great success. Mr. Heming's publications include two well-known books, "The Drama of the Forests" and "The Living Forests." In these he draws on the great fund of experience he

acquired in scores of trips by canoe, dog-train and snowshoe and other primitive modes of travel, to see at first hand the life of hunting, trading, lumbering and mining, as well as many aspects of nature. He has travelled with simple Indians, lived their life, and shared their hardships and their pleasures. He most emphatically is not one of those who get their impressions of the wild from cursory trips on the fringes, or from the tales of trappers and woodsmen. The painting reproduced here has as its background scenery typical of the awe-inspiring Rockies. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police have now to a large extent been mechanised, and move mostly by motor-cycle. But for an expedition in mountainous country, either in the East or West, they have to fall back on horses; so the painting is in no sense an anachronism. Absolutely up to date in their methods, the Mounties also make full use of air transport, particularly in the vast territories of the North.

THE TROUBLES IN JAMAICA: STRIKERS AND LEADER; ARMED AUTHORITY.



THE DISTURBANCES IN JAMAICA, WHERE A GENERAL STRIKE WAS ATTEMPTED IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO WIN HIGHER WAGE-RATES: STRIKERS ON THE MARCH IN KINGSTON.



URGING THE WORKERS' CASE IN JAMAICA: MR. BUSTAMENTE, THE LABOUR LEADER, WHO WAS IN PRISON FOR A SHORT WHILE, ADDRESSING THE CROWD.



THE EFFECTS OF THE DISORDERS IN KINGSTON: TRAM-CARS IMMOBILISED BY THE MOB IN ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS; AND THE ROADWAY LITTERED WITH RUBBISH AND MISSILES.



ARMED FORCE TO MEET MOB VIOLENCE: POLICEMEN WITH RIFLES GUARDING A STREET IN KINGSTON, WHERE THEY HAD TO BE SUPPORTED BY TROOPS.



AFTER THE SPREAD OF DISORDER HAD NECESSITATED THE INTERVENTION OF THE MILITARY: MEN OF THE SHERWOOD FORESTERS WAITING BESIDE THEIR LORRIES, WEARING STEEL HELMETS.



MAN-HANDLING A SUSPECTED BLACKLEG: A WORKER WHO WAS ACCUSED OF INTENDED STRIKE-BREAKING IN THE DOCKS BEING ATTACKED BY A CROWD OF OTHER WORKERS.

The disturbances in Jamaica were described in a statement made by Mr. MacDonald in the House of Commons. He said that on May 23 the Governor of Jamaica reported that a serious situation had developed in Kingston. The position regarding unemployment had considerably eased when there was a strike of wharf workers in connection with the loading of ships. On May 23, without any warning, an attempt was made at a general strike of labour. The mob got out of hand and large disorderly gangs started to force the closing of premises, and endeavoured to interfere with essential services at the pumping station, gas-works and elsewhere. The situation

was beyond coping with by the police, and the assistance of the military was obtained. The police were compelled to fire in a few instances, and two people were killed and some others injured. A cruiser, H.M.S. "Ajax," sailed to Jamaica from Bermuda. Mr. MacDonald said that the purpose of the general strike movement appeared to be the attempt to force all-round increases in pay, and he added that it "was all the more regrettable that this should have happened at a time when an official commission was inquiring into the question of wage-rates in the island." The dock strike was settled on May 28, but subsequently other strikes broke out

THE GREAT GALE ON BOIS ROUSSEL'S DERBY NIGHT: "WINDJAMMER" SCENES ON STANDS; OTHER DAMAGE ON THE COURSE.



TOPPLED OVER BY THE GALE AT EPSOM: THE OBSERVATION-TOWER, BETWEEN THE GRAND STAND AND TATTENHAM CORNER, BEING DISMANTLED. (G.P.U.)



THE AFTERMATH OF BOIS ROUSSEL'S DERBY: A BAR AND BOOKMAKERS' STANDS OVERTURNED BY THE WIND AND SMASHED TO PIECES. (Planet.)



A FAMILIAR OUTLOOK DAMAGED BY THE GREAT GALE: THE ST. DUNSTAN'S STAND WITH ITS CANVAS TORN AND ITS TUBULAR FRAMEWORK BENT. (Topical.)



SUGGESTING SEAMEN REEFING-DOWN A "WINDJAMMER": WORKMEN SECURING THE CANVAS COVERING ON A WRECKED STAND AT EPSOM AFTER THE GALE. (Fox.)

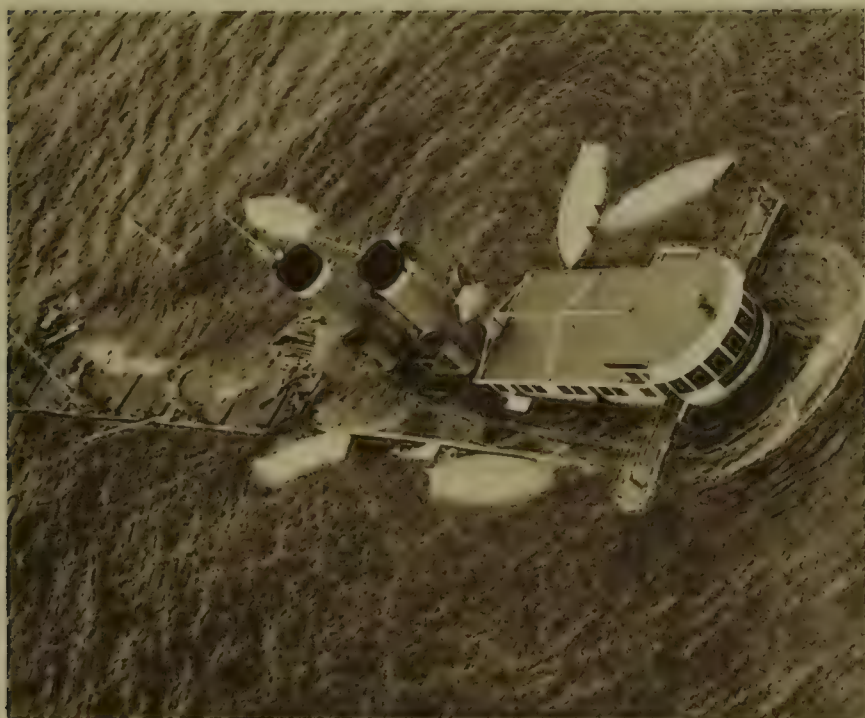


THRASHING ABOUT LIKE THE TORN SAILS OF A SAILING-VESSEL: SECURING STRIPS OF CANVAS RIPPED FROM A STAND BY THE GALE. (Keystone.)

The Derby of 1938 will be remembered for two reasons—Bois Roussel's easy win by four lengths, and the great gale which wrecked marquees and bookmakers' stands on the course in the evening. The race was illustrated in our issue of June 4. On this page we show some of the results of the freak storm, which ripped off the canvas on nearly all the tents and canvased stands within a radius of a quarter of a mile. St. Dunstan's stand resembled a windjammer, with the strips of canvas, like torn sails, thrashing about in the wind; and an observation-tower of tubular scaffolding, over 100 ft. high, which had been set up between the Grand Stand and

Tattenham Corner as a means of obtaining overhead photographs and films of the race, was blown down. An official on the course reported: "The wind was so strong it was impossible to open a door on the stand unless two strong men exerted themselves. . . . I have never known such a night." Many of the structures had been made dangerous by the force of the gale and these had to be removed; while some roads near the course were closed temporarily owing to the danger of the collapse of the larger tents and structures. Workmen climbed among the scaffolding of the stands and secured the canvas, suggesting seamen reefing-down a "windjammer."

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NOTABLE HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



WITHOUT LOSS OF LIFE: THE EXCURSION STEAMER "MANDALAY" AGROUND AFTER HER COLLISION WITH THE "ACADIA" AT THE ENTRANCE TO NEW YORK HARBOUR. This photograph of the excursion steamer "Mandalay," which was in collision with the liner "Acadia" at the entrance to New York Harbour on May 28, shows her aground in shallow water, with her lifeboats floating upside down at their davits. The hole torn in her side by the liner's bows can be seen opposite the funnel on the left. The "Mandalay" was carrying 365 people, but all managed to climb along makeshift gang-planks to the liner's decks before she sank. (A.P.)



BEING PREPARED FOR HER LAST VOYAGE: THE "CUTTY SARK" IN DRY DOCK AT FALMOUTH—HER BEAUTIFUL LINES EMPHASISED WHEN SHE IS OUT OF WATER.

The "Cutty Sark" was presented to the Thames Nautical Training College last March by Mrs. Dowman, widow of Capt. W. H. Dowman, who bought the ship back from the Portuguese in 1922 and had her refitted as a training-ship for boys in Falmouth Harbour. The "Cutty Sark" will be moored at Greenhithe with H.M.S. "Worcester" and is being prepared for her last voyage, in tow, to the Thames. She was built at Dumbarton in 1869 and made many notable voyages. (Fox.)



"HEAVY ARTILLERY" OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: THE "WHITLEY IV." LONG-RANGE HEAVY BOMBER, WHICH IS THE FIRST TO BE FITTED WITH LIQUID-COOLED ENGINES.

The "Whitley IV." is the first of the large modern long-range heavy bombers to be fitted with liquid-cooled engines. This "Whitley" has now been equipped with 1050 h.p. Rolls-Royce "Merlin" engines, enabling it to travel at a high speed (which has not yet been officially disclosed) and to carry a considerable load of bombs over long distances. It will play an important part in the protection of this country by fulfilling its rôle of "Defence by attack." Photographs of R.A.F. bombing practice will be found on other pages in this issue. (Chas. Brown.)



THE CHILDREN'S ZOO OPENED: EDWARD AND ROBERT, SONS OF MR. JOSEPH KENNEDY, THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR, RECEIVING SOUVENIRS FROM PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY AFTER PERFORMING THE CEREMONY.

"Pet's Corner," at the London Zoo, has reopened this year as "The Children's Zoo." The ceremony was performed by Robert and Edward Kennedy, sons of the American Ambassador, on June 2. Edward cut a tape across the entrance and then, with his brother, inspected the animals, which have been chosen for their special appeal to children. (Planet.)



THE KING AND QUEEN AT EPSOM FOR THE OAKS: THEIR MAJESTIES, ACCOMPANIED BY THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, ON THE COURSE.

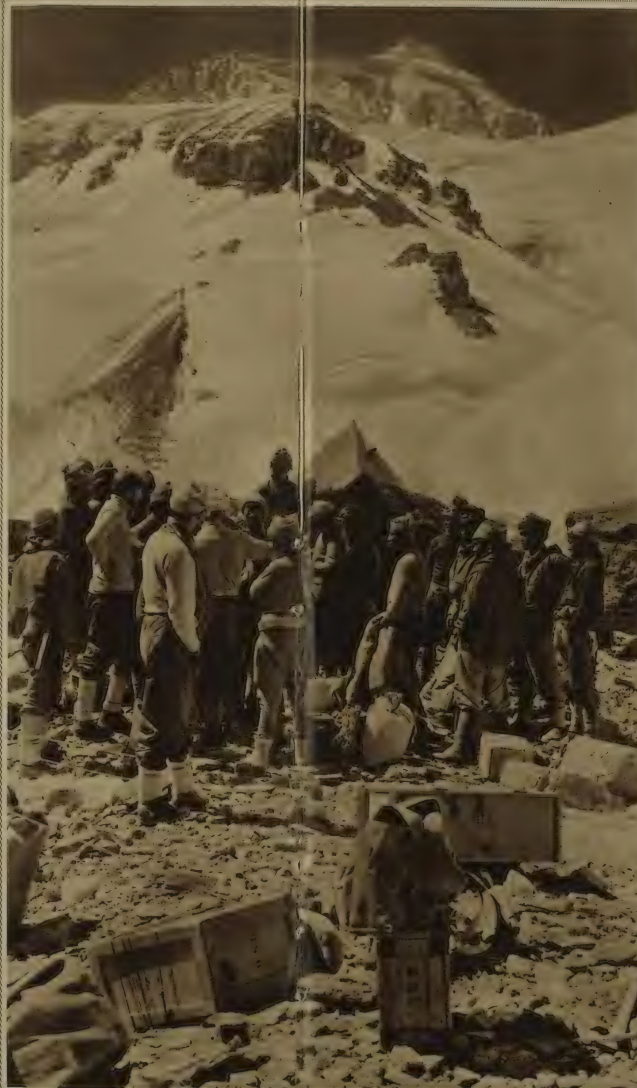
The King and Queen were present at Epsom Races on June 3 and saw Sir Hugh Cunliffe-Owen's Rockfel win the Oaks. Accompanied by the Earl of Rosebery, they walked on the course before the race. Rockfel won by four lengths from Miss D. Paget's Radiant, with Solar Flower third. Their Majesties saw Bois Roussel win the Derby; and they will be at Ascot, driving thither from Windsor Castle, where they will be during the week. (C.P.)

THE FIFTH ENDEAVOUR TO SCALE EVEREST: THIS YEAR'S EXPEDITION TO THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "THE TIMES" (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



ICE PINNACLES NEAR CAMP II, OF THE 1938 EXPEDITION: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A MEMBER OF THE PARTY ON THE STEEP SIDE OF A PINNACLE, AND ILLUSTRATING VIVIDLY THE NATURE OF THE ASCENT.



WITHIN SIGHT OF THEIR GOAL: MEMBERS OF THE 1938 EXPEDITION, WITH A GROUP OF SHERPA PORTERS, ENGAGED IN ESTABLISHING CAMP II.—A VIEW SHOWING THE TOP OF MOUNT EVEREST IN THE DISTANCE.



BIRD LIFE IN THE EVEREST REGION: CHoughs PERCHED ON A FLAT-TOPPED MUSHROOM-LIKE BOULDER NEAR THE EXPEDITION'S TENT AT CAMP II, WITH A VIEW OF THE SUMMIT IN THE BACKGROUND.

As mentioned under the photographs given on page 1040 of this number, recent reports stated that news might be expected at any moment concerning the result of this year's endeavour to reach the summit of Everest. Before this year, there had been altogether six expeditions to the mountain, but two of them were in the nature of reconnaissances, and did not attempt the peak. The leader of the 1938 party of climbers, Mr. H. W. Tilman, said in a message published in "The Times" of May 17: "On its arrival at Rongbuk on April 6 the expedition

made its base at Camp I, which stands at 18,000 ft., near the snout of the East Rongbuk Glacier. Stores have been relayed up the glacier and Camps II. and III. have been established and stocked. Some thirty Sherpas have been selected, and will remain with the party during the assault. The weather on Everest in April was good—cold, but not unbearably so; there was plenty of sun, and a good deal of wind on the mountain. The party have been suffering from the coughs and colds usual at high Himalayan altitudes, but not worse than in

previous years." A later account (partly quoted on page 1040) appeared in "The Times" of May 26. It reads in full as follows: "Mr. Tilman states that Camp III, which stands at 21,000 ft. underneath the North Col, has been fully provisioned. This camp is to be used as an advanced base of operations for the actual climbing, and has been stocked with everything likely to be needed on the mountain. When the camp was first occupied towards the end of April the weather was temptingly fine and sunny, but after living at this height up

the East Rongbuk Glacier for a few days, the party found the wind too violent and temperatures too low to make so early an attempt on the summit. They inspected the slopes of the North Col. Although there was a good deal of ice about, it was found feasible to make a route up the Col, given a day or two of calm weather. As all members were suffering from sore throats or coughs, it was decided to spend a few days in the Kharta Valley, a hospitable area to the south of the Rongbuk Monastery, where they got fit again."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS FROM ABROAD IN PICTURES.



HUNGARY'S MOST SACRED RELIC TRANSFERRED IN STATE: THE EMBALMED HAND OF ST. STEPHEN, FOUNDER OF HER MONARCHY, BEING DRAWN ON ITS CEREMONIAL CARRIAGE WHEN IT WAS TAKEN FROM BUDAPEST BY TRAIN. (Keystone.)

Picturesque ceremonial attended the transference of the mummified right hand of St. Stephen of Hungary, the most sacred relic in the land, from Budapest to Estergom, for it had not been moved for 900 years. The Royal Saint, founder of the Hungarian monarchy, who was converted to Christianity and subdued the Slavs, was born at Estergom in 977. He died in 1033. The hand was taken in a golden train, travelling in a specially constructed carriage in which the



THE "RELIC-CARRIAGE" IN THE GOLDEN TRAIN IN WHICH ST. STEPHEN'S HAND TRAVELLED IN HUNGARY—SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED WITH GLASS SIDES, TO DISPLAY THE RELIQUARY, AND DECORATED WITH FIGURES OF SAINTS.

shrine reposed on a cloth of red velvet. The carriage was heavily adorned with gilding and ornament, and on the sides were paintings of Hungarian saints. Sixteen "Guardians of the Hungarian Crown" in red uniforms and white cloaks kept watch over the shrine during the journey. Many religious celebrations were staged at Estergom, which is the residence of Cardinal Seredi, Prince Primate of Hungary. Afterwards the hand was taken to other Hungarian towns.



THE SCENE OF ONE OF THE MOST TERRIBLE OUTRAGES IN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR: THE CATALAN MARKET TOWN OF GRANOLLERS AFTER IT HAD BEEN BOMBED BY NATIONALIST MACHINES AND TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE HAD BEEN KILLED. (Wide World.)

One of the most terrible outrages against humanity yet perpetrated in the Spanish Civil War occurred when five Nationalist bombers, which had been driven away from Barcelona, unloaded forty bombs on Granollers, a Catalan market town. A large number of buildings were demolished, but the most terrible effect was in the neighbourhood of the market-place, where havoc was wrought among civilians waiting in food queues. Two hundred people were killed and 500 injured. About 85 per cent. of the casualties were women and children. The British Agent to



THE TRAGEDY OF GRANOLLERS: HOUSEWIVES CONFERRING BESIDE THE JUMBLED WRECKAGE OF A HOME (INCLUDING A PIANO KEYBOARD) IN A TOWN WHERE 85 PER CENT. OF THE BOMBING CASUALTIES WERE WOMEN AND CHILDREN. (Associated Press.)

the Spanish Nationalist Government was instructed to protest in the most vigorous terms against the aerial bombardment of open towns, with the consequent maiming and death of defenceless civilians (to quote Mr. Chamberlain's words used with reference to the bombing of Alicante). Subsequently, Mr. Butler, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, announced that further action in a new direction was contemplated by the Government in an attempt to stop the indiscriminate air bombing of civilians in Spain.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR AFTER A YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE CHÂTEAU LA CROË, THEIR NEW RESIDENCE AT ANTIBES, ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA. (Associated Press.)



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR AS DOG-LOVERS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT CHÂTEAU LA CROË, ANTIBES, ON JUNE 3, THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE, WHICH, IT WILL BE REMEMBERED, TOOK PLACE IN THE CHÂTEAU DE CANDÉ, TOURS. (Associated Press.)

TROOPING THE COLOUR: AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF TIME-HONOURED CEREMONIAL.



THE FAMOUS MILITARY PAGEANT FOR WHICH NEW FEATURES WERE ARRANGED: TROOPING THE COLOUR—A REHEARSAL SEEN FROM BEHIND AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE. For this year's ceremony of Trooping the Colour on the King's official birthday (June 9), his Majesty approved new features giving the Household Cavalry a larger share in the pageantry. | The innovations included a Captain's Escort for the Queen, provided by the Life Guards from Windsor, and the attendance of the Household Cavalry's massed bands. (Associated Press.)

A GREAT SHOW-GROUND BY NIGHT: THE AMUSEMENTS PARK AT BELLAHOUSTON.



SEEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE TOWER IN THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT GLASGOW: THE AMUSEMENTS PARK IN FULL SWING AMID A BLAZE OF LIGHT. This remarkable photograph, taken from the top of the great Tower in the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow, shows the 16-acre Amusement Park as it appears by night. The scenic railway is | one mile long. Among the numerous other attractions are the Brooklands Racer, the "Dodg'em" Race Track and "Dodg'em" Pond, Rocket Railway, and the Loop o' Plane. (Fox Photos.)

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SIR EDWARD B. DENHAM.

Captain-General and Governor of Jamaica since 1934. Died June 2, aged sixty-two. Had a very distinguished career as a Colonial Administrator in Ceylon, East Africa, and the West Indies. Much interested in economic developments and in public health. A G.C.M.G.



SIR EDWARD BACON.

Curator of the King's philatelic collections since 1913. Died June 5, aged seventy-seven. President of the Royal Philatelic Society, 1917-23. Formerly in charge of the Tapling stamp collection, now in the British Museum; and curator of the late Lord Crawford's philatelic library.



PROFESSOR R. H. FOWLER.

Appointed to be Director of the National Physical Laboratory from October 1. Now Plummer Professor of Applied Mathematics at Cambridge. F.R.S. Born January 1889. Will succeed Dr. W. H. Bragg, elected Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics, Cambridge.



THE EARL OF MUNSTER.

New Paymaster-General, in place of Lord Hutchison of Montrose, resigned. Aged thirty-two. A Lord-in-Waiting, 1932. Member L.C.C., North Paddington, 1931-37. Piloted the Coal Bill through the House of Lords. Only son of the seventh son of the second Earl.



MR. W. R. HAMMOND.

Captaining the England Eleven against Australia in the first Test Match, due to begin at Nottingham, on June 10. England and Gloucester. Was a professional for years, but became an amateur last autumn. He has played in twenty-five Tests against Australia.



MR. EDWARD E. BRIDGES, M.C.

To be Permanent Secretary to the Offices of the Cabinet, Committee of Imperial Defence, Economic Advisory Council, and Minister for Co-ordination of Defence, with the style Permanent Secretary and Secretary of the Cabinet. Born 1892, son of the late Dr. Robert Bridges, O.M., Poet Laureate.



SIR RUPERT B. HOWORTH, K.C.M.G.

To be Clerk of the Privy Council and Deputy Secretary of the Cabinet. He has held the latter post since 1930. Born July 1880. Called to the Bar, 1903. Entered the Board of Education, 1908. Transferred to the Treasury in 1915. Seconded to the Cabinet office four years later. K.C.M.G., 1933.



COL. H. L. ISMAY, C.B., D.S.O.

To be Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence. Deputy Secretary since 1936. Was in the operations in Somaliland, 1914-1920 (D.S.O.; desp.). Military Secretary to the Viceroy of India, 1931. Born 1887. Generally, has had a distinguished Army career. General Staff Officer, first grade, War Office, 1933-36.



DR. H. J. GOUGH.

Appointed to the new post of Director of Scientific Research at the War Office. Formerly, Superintendent of the Engineering Department of the National Physical Laboratory. Born April 1890. F.R.S. Served with the Royal Engineers in France and Belgium, 1914-18. Has written much on his subject.



DR. FREUD, FOUNDER OF MODERN PSYCHO-ANALYSIS, TO LIVE IN LONDON: THE FAMOUS VIENNESE SCIENTIST (CENTRE) IN PARIS WHILE ON HIS WAY TO ENGLAND; WITH THE U.S. AMBASSADOR IN FRANCE.

Professor Sigmund Freud, the founder of the modern school of psycho-analysis, arrived in London on June 6. He is taking up permanent residence in this country and is now living in St. John's Wood. At the time of the German invasion of Austria he had his passport confiscated by the Nazi authorities, but this was returned to him a short while ago, enabling him to leave Vienna.



THE BRITISH GOLFERS WHO WON THE WALKER CUP: (L. TO R.; FRONT ROW) H. G. BENTLEY, C. EWING, J. B. BECK, C. STOWE, J. BRUEN; AND (BACK ROW) G. B. PETERS, H. THOMSON, L. G. CRAWLEY, A. T. KYLE, AND J. J. F. PENNINK.

Great Britain won the Walker Cup for the first time since the contest was initiated in 1922 by a decisive margin of 7 matches to the U.S.A.'s 4, with one halved. The foursomes resulted in a British lead of two wins to one. In the singles Goodman, regarded by many as America's greatest amateur since Bobby Jones and Lawson Little, was beaten 5 and 4 by H. Thomson. M. H. Ward, however, defeated Pennink, the English Champion, by 12 and 11, and Bruen, the



THE TEAM OF AMERICAN GOLFERS WHO LOST THE WALKER CUP BY SEVEN MATCHES TO FOUR: (L. TO R.) M. H. WARD, F. HAAS, C. YATES, R. G. SMITH, J. GOODMAN (THE NATIONAL CHAMPION), J. FISCHER, R. BILLOWS, AND CHARLES KOCIS.

eighteen-year-old Irish player, lost to C. Yates by 2 and 1 after a dogged battle. L. G. Crawley also lost to Fischer by 3 and 2, Fischer playing amazing golf. Peters, however, beat R. G. Smith by 9 and 8, and Stowe beat Kocis after another grim fight—by 2 and 1. Kyle put the issue beyond doubt by beating Haas 5 and 4, and Ewing's subsequent victory over R. Billows increased the British lead.

IN FIJI ONE DRINKS KAVA...★



... WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppees

★ A Fijian friend tells us that Kava is distilled from the rather stringy leaves and tough roots of the Pepper Plant; and the flavour is raw and a bit chancy. No wonder the local war dance gets distinctly ragged when Schweppees is not forthcoming.

WHEREVER YOU ARE... THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppees



At Ascot you will observe that Wills's Gold Flake
is the Man's cigarette that Women like

ON A BOHEMIAN HOLIDAY.

"CZECHOSLOVAKIAN YEAR": By LADY SHEPPARD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

LADY SHEPPARD says, sketching her first visit to Bohemia, "Eventually, having lost our way for the last time, we crossed the frontier into Germany at a small and unknown town, where our advent broke the tedium of the day for the courteous and interested Customs officials. Then, by way of Dresden, Berlin, Holland and Belgium, we reached England, and talked to everyone who would listen about our wonderful trip through nine European countries in six weeks."

"But about one of them, almost the loveliest that we had seen, we met with remarkably little answering enthusiasm. 'Czechoslovakia? Oh, yes, it has a beautiful sea-coast, hasn't it?' or 'Don't you mean Yugoslavia? No? Well, what is the capital?' And when we spoke gently of Prague, Karlsbad, and Marienbad, there came a chorus, 'But they are all in *Bohemia*, of course, we often went there before the War.'"

The sea-coast delusion is as old as Shakespeare; and we in our island simply cannot keep up with these changes of names. Persons of my age can remember when Rumania was Roumania, when Tibet was Thibet, when Peking turned into Peking and then into Peiping (though the French still stubbornly call London "Londres" and we Livorno "Leghorn"), and when what is now called Yugoslavia was called Servia. It changed its name before the war to "Serbia" because "Servia" seemed to have servile inclinations. The Slavs, as a whole, did not go to the reasonable extent of calling themselves "Slabs." But "Servia" was a lovelier word than "Yugoslavia," and "Bohemia" a more beautiful word than "Czechoslovakia"; wouldn't "Bohemian Year" have been a prettier title for this book?

However, the Peace Treaties did it. The Slovaks were amalgamated with the Czechs, and a demonstration had to be made; this was now a Slav country and not the old Bohemia where the perpetual battle, under the old Empire, was being waged between Teuton and Slav. The struggle has come to the surface again, which is the way that struggles have: witness Ireland. And, as usual, men, fierce about racial and political differences, tend to forget that

Council Chamber. No mercy was granted to them, and dressed as they were, with cloaks swirling and rapiers and decorations clattering, they were flung out of the side window of a deep bay into the Stag Moat below. 'They loudly screamed, "Ach, ach, Ouvé," says Skála ze Zhore, and attempted to hold



A CASTLE WITH THREE HUNDRED ROOMS; NOW GARRISONED BY A PRIVATE ARMY OF TWELVE MEN: THE SCHWARZENBERG FORTRESS OF KRUMLOV. (Photograph by Centropress, Prague.)

ancient customs. "We had studied it on the map, where it lay practically in the heart of Europe, like a curving land-locked island, sending mighty rivers across its frontiers down to the sea, which to most of its inhabitants will never be anything more than a name. Piestany was our goal for the night, the best-known spa in a State that boasts of four hundred, and we travelled over good roads through little villages, where peasants in national dress were returning from work in the harvest fields, and where the small graveyards, roughly fenced off with a few strands of barbed wire, were the most lonely and forlorn that we had ever seen."

I don't know how many of my readers remember Marion Crawford's "Witch of Prague," so full of mysterious pinnacles and spires; or those books of the late W. H. Mallock about Hungarian castles, princes, lakes, and partridges. But this book, beautifully written, non-political, and humorous, has taken me back to my early hankering after Ruritania. The photographs are alluring, but the things which Lady Sheppard says are more so. "Conducted through the long suites of rooms, each one full of treasures—Gobelin tapestries, buhl furniture, Corot pictures—we felt surfeited with so much beauty, and received an invitation to go back in the summer, when we were promised a blaze of flowers both in the gardens and in the rooms and corridors, which would be lined with rows of young evergreen lime-trees, growing ten feet high in their glazed tubs."

A pleasant prospect! It all sounds like something we have never seen but always longed for, like the Monster of Loch Ness. All this book, with its remote castles, its forests, its floods, its snows and its shootings, takes me back to Grimm and Hans Andersen; in fact, to a Bohemia that never was.

I have been all round Bohemia, though the spires of Prague I have never seen. I am familiar with the railway stations of New York and Helsingfors (now called Helsinki) and the waterways of Venice, Stockholm, and Amsterdam. But I have never penetrated "Czechoslovakia" and I think, all the more after reading this exquisite book, that I shall never go there: keeping it as a country of the mind, a country where dreams have been expressed in wood and stone, and where uglification has not set in, and where, around every corner, one might meet Snow White and her Seven Dwarfs.

Snow White and her Dwarfs: they are all in this book with the peasant costumes, the gipsies and the old tunes. But "The world is too much with us, late and soon" (which Wordsworth put in only for a rhyme) and the old tunes go with new boots. In Czechoslovakia they have a boot factory run on the lines of Mr. Ford's motor factories in Detroit.



SHOWING (IN THE BACKGROUND) THE CASTLE WHICH IS THE MOST DOMINATING FEATURE OF THE CITY: THE CHARLES BRIDGE IN PRAGUE. (Photograph by Centropress, Prague.)

we are on this earth only for a little while and should enjoy the ripening buildings and avenues which our ancestors prepared (like cellars laid down) for us and by the same token build and grow things for our posterity.

Lady Sheppard bothers little about the strifes of the past and the strifes of the present. She remembers that "Winter Queen," daughter of James I., who was so beautiful and to whom the poet wrote such lovely verses. She is in touch with the past and remembers the most striking moment in Bohemia's history: "Rudolf the alchemist we have met elsewhere, and the reign of his brother Matthias is notable for the Act of Defenestration which precipitated the Thirty Years' War. On May 23, 1618, the Protestant representatives of Bohemia, all in full armour, and seething with passion, proceeded to the Castle at Prague, where they seized the two Regents of the Emperor in their

cried a moment later, as the two nobles, Martinic and Slavata, with their secretary, Fabricius, crawled unhurt from a heap of decaying refuse which had broken their fall seventy feet below." This defenestration led directly to the eclipse of Protestantism in Bohemia for three centuries.

And to much else. The shadow of the Thirty Years' War still hangs over us; it accounts for the modern German mentality. But Lady Sheppard, although she has a sense of the historical background, concerns herself little about such things. She is on a Bohemian holiday in one of the most attractive countries in Europe; whatever may be the rights and wrongs as pertaining to racial disputes, there can be no differences of opinion about the majesty of the landscapes and the picturesqueness of the

on to the broad sill, but were at last obliged to let go, as their hands were struck, and they fell, calling upon the Virgin. 'Let us see whether their Mary will help them,' said the assailants, and 'By heaven, she has!' they



THE CZECH NÜREMBERG: EGER, THE SCENE OF THE MURDER OF WALLENSTEIN IN 1634, WHOSE MARKET SQUARE IS A GEM OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. (Photograph by Posselt-Smichov.)

Reproductions from "Czechoslovakian Year," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Skeffington.

Last week, I reviewed here Mr. F. S. Smythe's book, called "The Valley of Flowers." I omitted to mention his conversation with a Tibetan about Western civilisation. The Tibetan appeared to be well-informed, and said that he preferred their old ways to industrialism and poison-gas. I dare say the Czechoslovaks (or Bohemians) are of the same opinion. But the world is so constituted that, picturesque as they are, they are in the same soup as the rest of us

* "Czechoslovakian Year." By Lady Sheppard. (Skeffington; 15s.). With 16 Illustrations.

ARE THE ENGLISH AND THE GERMANS RELATED?

RACE, HEAD-SHAPE, AND MENTALITY: DIFFERENCES OF NATIONAL OUTLOOK DUE TO RACIAL ORIGINS AND CRANIAL STRUCTURE CONSIDERED FROM AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW.

By PROFESSOR F. G. PARSONS, D.Sc., F.R.C.S. (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

The question of racial affinities between the English and the Germans has lately been the subject of much interesting correspondence in the "Daily Telegraph and Morning Post," mainly between Professor Parsons and Professor Lothar Loeffler, Director of the Institute of Race Biology at the University of Königsberg. In the following article Professor Parsons sums up his views, with the aid of comparative photographs of English and German skulls, to show differences of head-shape believed to cause differences of mentality. "The skulls," he writes, "have been taken at random from the collection in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, and have not been specially selected to support any theory. I am greatly indebted to the Curator of the Museum for the use of the skulls, and for placing the Photographic Room of the College at my disposal."

SINCE these three words—race, head-shape, and mentality—need no explanation or definition, we shall do well to use our limited time and space in considering how they are connected one with another, how they affect the question whether the Germans are closely related to the English, and what grounds there are for thinking that the mental outlook of the two peoples is really very different.

I have lately received a letter from a German anthropologist telling me that he quite agreed with my view that there is really very little blood-relationship at present between our two nations, but that this was not the general view of his countrymen, who, at the beginning of the late war, hated the English more than their other opponents because they thought that we had broken the ties of kinship from mercenary motives. This, no doubt, explains the "Hymn of Hate" in which—so different is our outlook—we could only see the humorous side. Another point of view which was new to me was that of a German gentleman in Hamburg who said that his countrymen could not understand why we would rather have Frenchmen as neighbours in the opposite Channel ports instead of our own cousins. I could not answer that it was because we doubted the cousinship, for I knew that to most Englishmen their Saxon ancestors who came here from Germany in the fifth century were believed to be closely related to the Germans of to-day.

It seems, then, that both nations believe themselves to be of the same blood because of the impression that they are both members of the great Nordic race—a race of which they had every reason to be proud, though they failed to understand that it could only flourish in suitable surroundings. This Nordic race was raised on the cold shores of fiords and islands, never far from the sea, and, though it pushed its way all over Europe, as well as into Asia and Africa, conquering and ruling wherever it went, it could not survive for long in mountainous districts far from the sea, nor in regions where the temperature was high.

narrow faces, and tall, slim bodies, the Alpines, who were originally mountaineers and hated the sea, had short, broad heads, thick skins, short, fleshy noses, short, broad faces, and sturdy, stocky bodies with powerful muscles, and bull necks running straight up into the back of their heads. I cannot say much about the colour of their hair and eyes, because anthropologists are not agreed upon these, but, judging from the Swiss, whom we regard as the purest survivors of the Alpine race, they probably had brown hair and grey eyes.

From the German prisoners I examined during the Great War, as well as from the impressions left by many visits to Germany, I believe that most of the Nordic traits there have been bred out, as they have in most other countries once overrun by Nordics. Certainly the head-shape—which seems to me by far the most important characteristic for our present purpose, since it gives us the brain-shape—is that in which Nordic traits are wanting in most modern Germans.

In the centre of Europe it came into touch with another race called the Alpine, very different from it in physical characters; for while the Nordics had long, narrow heads, thin skins, aquiline features, long,

really were Nordics of the Early Iron Age—the Goidels or Gaels, and the Pridains, Brythons or Britons—they mixed with their Mediterranean fore-runners and thus formed the "Ancient Britons." After them came the Belgæ, the Anglo-Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, all fair, long-headed, tall people, who found in our islands the cool, sea-girt conditions that suited them. I do not say that they were all of pure Nordic blood, for absolutely pure examples of any of the three great European races must have been very rare, but the point that for our present purpose is most important is that in Germany a short-headed Alpine population was temporarily overrun by a long-headed Nordic one, and the present result is short-headed; while in England a long-headed, dark Mediterranean population was overrun by a long-headed, fair Nordic, and the present result is long-headed and moderately fair. On the one hand is the German nation, chiefly Alpine in its head-shape; on the other, the British, chiefly Nordic and Mediterranean. Can we fairly claim that the two are closely akin?

With regard to the mentality of the two nations, each, no doubt, regards its own ideals as best suited to its own objects and needs. We, for our part, may admit and admire the patient thoroughness and organising capacity of the Germans, and they, perhaps, may give us credit for adaptability in changing and unforeseen conditions. We certainly are far from despising one another, though there are many things

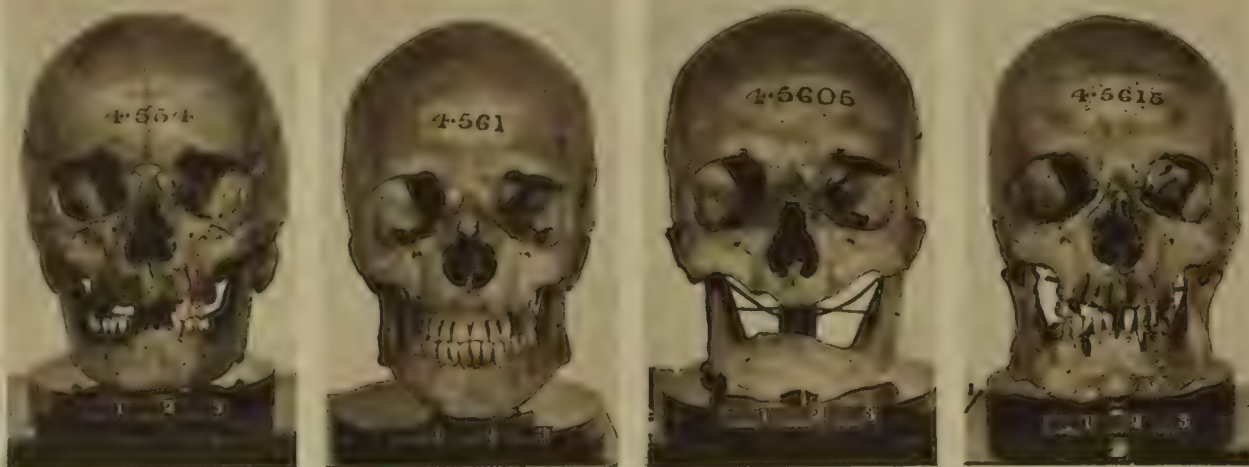
done and said by each of us that the other does not, because he cannot, understand. This brings me to the connection between head-shape and mentality. Professor Loeffler has pointed out quite justly that the "cranial index alone is not an infallible test of race, since it only tells us the ratio or percentage of the breadth of a skull to its length"; yet it is so useful that it has been called "the anthropologist's sheet-anchor," and we may be sure that when there is a marked difference in the average index—for instance, when the average skull-breadth is 75 per cent. of its length instead of 80 per cent.—the brain in the two cases must be differently packed.

It must be remembered that we are dealing with averages and not picked or random examples, and that, though many Germans have heads that could not be told from English, the average difference is very great indeed. We know that certain parts of the brain correspond with certain points

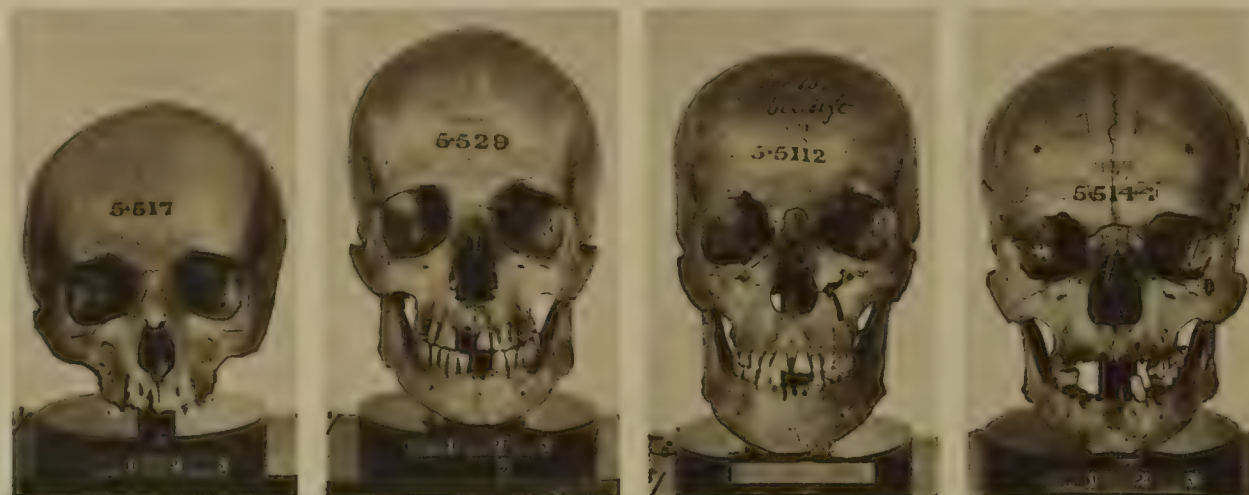
on the skull; for instance, the parietal eminence* always has the same convolution under it, and in skulls of the Alpine type this eminence is farther back than in the Nordic or Mediterranean. Consequently, there is room in the latter for more brain at the back of the head, while the greater breadth and frontal development of the Alpine skull allows more room for the front of the brain.

Since we are gradually learning how different areas of the brain are associated with different mental processes, it seems a fair deduction that a marked difference in the average head-shape should be connected with a difference in mental capacity as well as with different ideals.

In any case, I fear that English and Germans will never understand one another by pretending that they are racially akin and therefore have identical brains fitted to think alike.



FOUR TYPICAL ENGLISH SKULLS (ILLUSTRATED ALSO ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE), HERE SHOWN IN FRONTAL VIEW FOR COMPARISON WITH THE FOUR GERMAN SKULLS GIVEN BELOW, TO BRING OUT CERTAIN DIFFERENCES OF HEAD-SHAPE AND DIMENSIONS DISCUSSED IN THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE. (With an Inch-Rule below each Skull to indicate size.)



FOUR TYPICAL GERMAN SKULLS (ILLUSTRATED ALSO ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE), HERE SHOWN IN FRONTAL VIEW FOR COMPARISON WITH THE FOUR ENGLISH SKULLS GIVEN ABOVE, WITH THE OBJECT THERE EXPLAINED, ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT DIFFERENCES OF HEAD-SHAPE MAY CAUSE DIFFERENCES OF MENTALITY. (With an Inch-Rule below each Skull to indicate size.)

Photographs by Courtesy of the Curator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

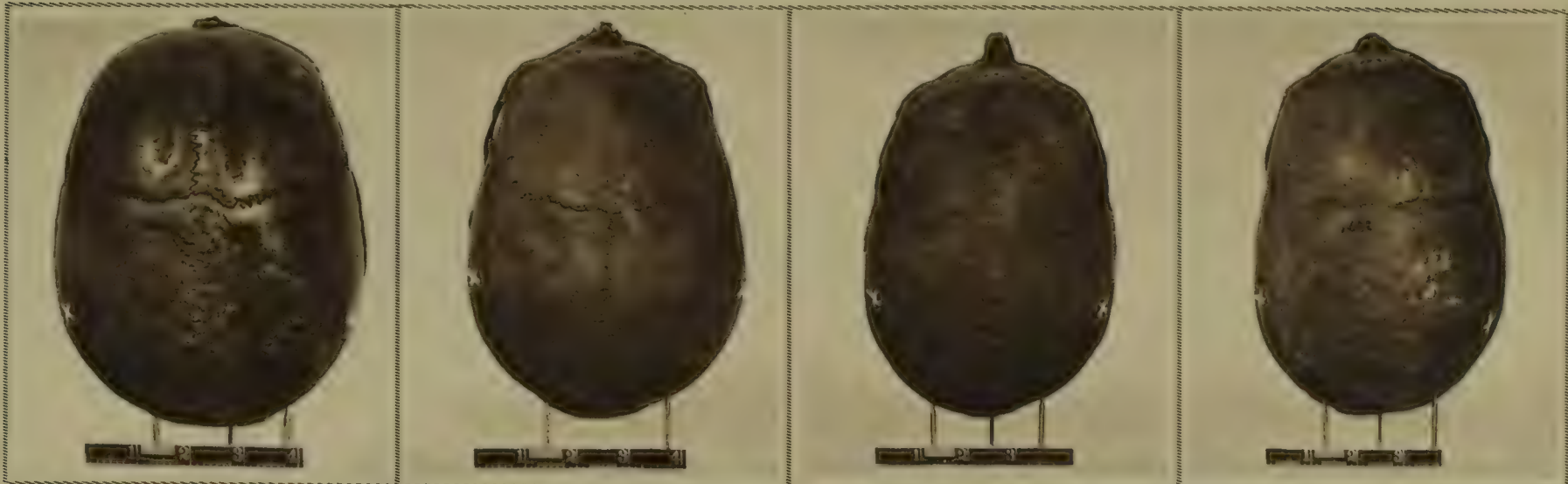
Contrasting this with the English record, we find that in Neolithic days these islands, if then they were islands, were overrun by the Mediterranean or Long Barrow race of small, dark, clever people who had travelled along the Mediterranean shores to this westernmost outpost of Europe, leaving their stone monuments (menhirs and dolmens), as well as some of their skulls and bones, to mark their path. Like the Nordics, they were a littoral race and favoured islands and peninsulas. Their heads, too, were long and narrow, with convex instead of vertical backs to them, but their muscles were poorly developed, and the dark colour of their hair and eyes is the main clue to the presence of their blood among us.

A small contribution of Alpine blood was added to that of these Mediterranean people by the Beaker folk, who came here about 2000 B.C., whose skeletons and short, broad skulls are found in the round barrows. After them came wave upon wave of Nordics. First there were the so-called Celts, who

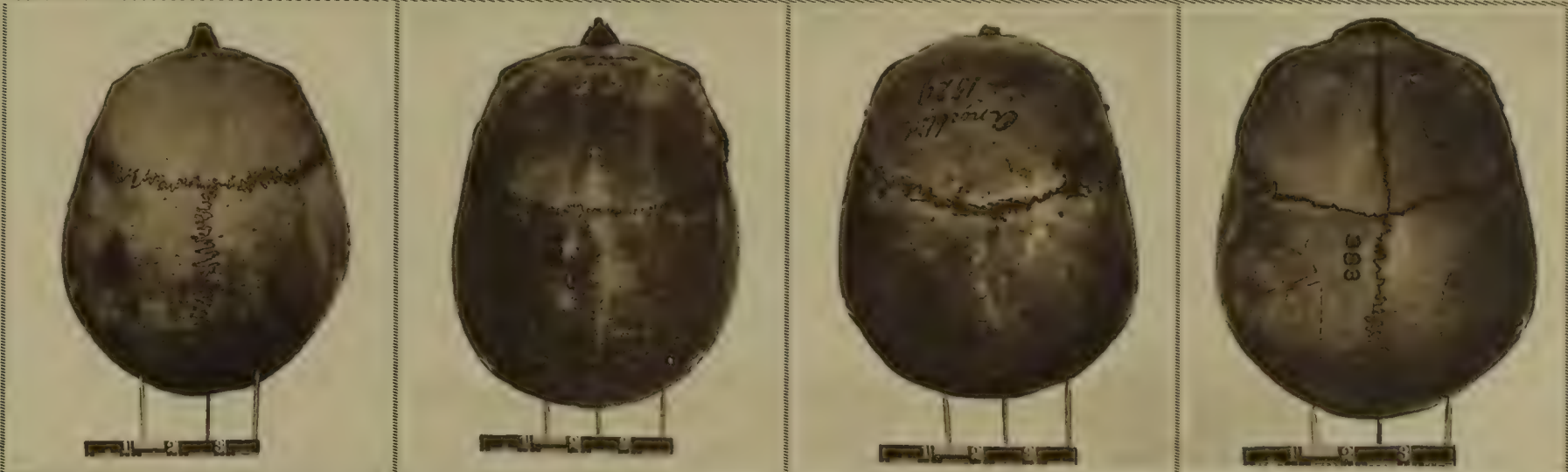
*Marked by a white cross in the illustrations opposite.

HEAD-SHAPE AND MENTALITY: ENGLISH AND GERMAN SKULLS COMPARED.

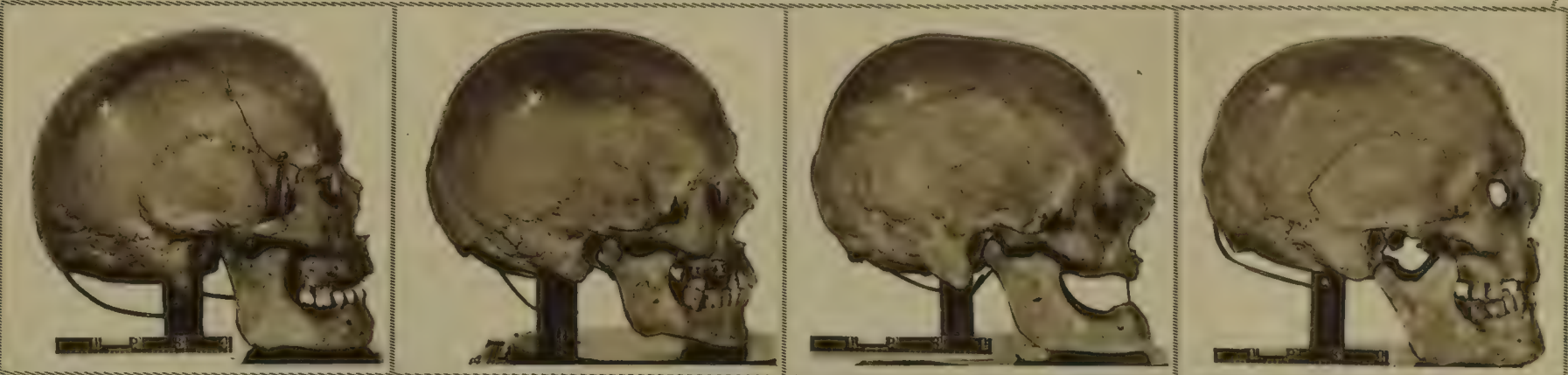
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



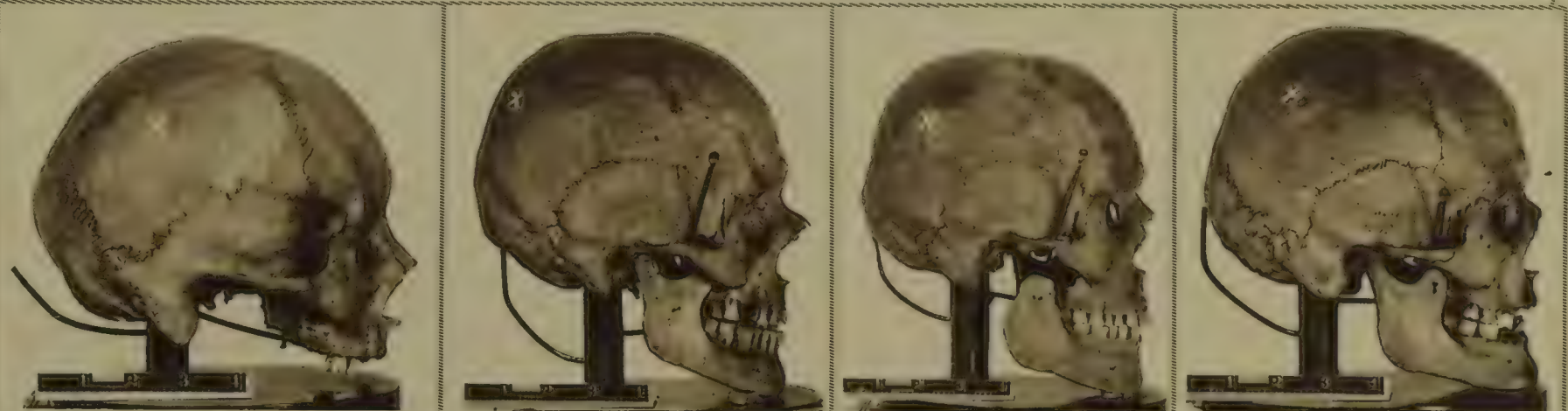
THE ENGLISH HEAD-SHAPE: THE SAME FOUR TYPICAL ENGLISH SKULLS AS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE (HERE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ABOVE) ILLUSTRATED FOR COMPARISON WITH THE FOUR GERMAN SKULLS (TAKEN FROM THE SAME POINT OF VIEW) GIVEN IN THE NEXT ROW BELOW—A WHITE CROSS ON EACH MARKING THE PARIETAL EMINENCE. (With an Inch-Rule under each Skull to Indicate its Dimensions.)



THE GERMAN HEAD-SHAPE: THE SAME FOUR TYPICAL GERMAN SKULLS AS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE (HERE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ABOVE) ILLUSTRATED FOR COMPARISON WITH THE FOUR ENGLISH SKULLS (TAKEN FROM THE SAME POINT OF VIEW) GIVEN IN THE FIRST ROW ABOVE—A WHITE CROSS ON EACH MARKING THE PARIETAL EMINENCE. (With an Inch-Rule under each Skull to Indicate its Dimensions.)



THE ENGLISH HEAD-SHAPE: THE SAME FOUR TYPICAL ENGLISH SKULLS (HERE PHOTOGRAPHED IN RIGHT PROFILE) ILLUSTRATED FOR COMPARISON WITH THE FOUR GERMAN SKULLS (TAKEN FROM THE SAME POINT OF VIEW) GIVEN IN THE NEXT ROW BELOW—A WHITE CROSS ON EACH MARKING THE PARIETAL EMINENCE. (With Inch-Rules to Indicate Dimensions.)



THE GERMAN HEAD-SHAPE: THE SAME FOUR TYPICAL GERMAN SKULLS (HERE PHOTOGRAPHED IN RIGHT PROFILE) ILLUSTRATED FOR COMPARISON WITH THE FOUR ENGLISH SKULLS (TAKEN FROM THE SAME POINT OF VIEW) GIVEN IN THE NEXT ROW ABOVE—A WHITE CROSS ON EACH MARKING THE PARIETAL EMINENCE. (With an Inch-Rule under each Skull to Indicate its Dimensions.)

In his article on the opposite page, Professor Parsons discusses the very interesting question of kinship between the English and German peoples, in relation to their respective racial origins and to anthropological data concerning the average shape of the head prevalent in the two nations. He further discusses how far cranial

variations may account for differences in national mentality and outlook. In the German pedigree he finds a blend of Nordic with a predominant Alpine stock, while the English race represents mainly a combination of Nordic and Mediterranean, with a slight admixture of Alpine. The photographs illustrate points in the argument.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

GLAMOUR.

OF the building-up of star material much has been written. We have deplored that the art or craft of the process was better understood, and certainly more sedulously cultivated, in Hollywood than in our own studios. We have watched the transplantation of budding talent from its native soil to the fecund fields of California, there to undergo that period of intensive grooming which is—or was—the almost inevitable prelude to full florescence.



"ORAGE," AT THE CURZON: ANDRÉ PASCAUD (CHARLES BOYER) MEETS FRANÇOISE (MICHELE MORGAN), WITH WHOM HE FALLS DESPERATELY IN LOVE.

"Orage" is the only French film which Charles Boyer, under the terms of his American contract, is allowed to make during this year. Co-starring with him is Michele Morgan, whose first film part was in "Gribouille." The film is from a novel by Henry Bernstein and was directed by Marc Allegret.

And we have had to admit that in many instances so much meticulous care devoted to individual charms—I am speaking, of course, primarily of the feminine star—so much close scrutiny of physical attributes by the *coiffeur*, the dress-designer, the make-up artist, even the dietist, all the fining-down and toning-up that are covered by the word "grooming," have resulted in a gorgeous butterfly emerging from a promising chrysalis. Not for a moment would I underrate the value of the quality described as "glamour" to the star of international appeal, nor, in the case of a comedienne, for an inherent or acquired sophistication, if we accept that word in its modern interpretation as a *finesse* in the handling of comedic material, an assurance and a subtlety of approach to humour.

It is amusing and not inapposite to note the dictionary annotations of glamour and sophistication. Glamour, according to Mr. Chambers, is "the supposed influence of a charm on the eyes, making them see things as fairer than they are," and sophistication is "the act of adulterating or injuring by mixture." More chivalrous than Mr. Chambers, I would not ruthlessly insist that for the charm he refers to in connection with glamour we may substitute the camera, though the critical phrase, occurring more often in the past than in the present era of technical perfection, "the camera was not kind to Miss So-and-So," reveals the importance of skilful photography to enhance the fairness of the subject. And sophistication? Injuring by mixture? A young artist gradually making her way up the ladder of fame may well reveal, whilst her foot is on the first rung, the necessity for the judicious addition of this or that condiment to her work, or the elimination of certain minor mannerisms. But when a definite personality has been established in such a manner as to indicate the presence of a potential international star, the hard-and-fast rules of grooming must, I contend, be relaxed and most cautiously applied or injury may indeed be done.

The gradual evolution of screen-drama that received its first, or, at any rate, its most important impetus when

the shadows acquired the faculty of speech, has automatically advanced the power of personality. I do not think I am wrong in saying that the merely glamorous star receded into the background as kinematic entertainment progressed towards maturity. Writers of real ability have discovered in the kinema a platform for thoughtful argument and room on the screen for wit or satire or genuinely significant drama, side by side with the big show-pieces which the unlimited possibilities of the camera permit and legitimately invite. The growing intelligence of plays has its response in the public's greater discrimination, or possibly the public itself, using ears as well as eyes, gave the fillip to the films that influenced their growth. The point is immaterial; the fact remains that the silent standards of beauty on the screen have undergone a recognisable change and have become infinitely more elastic, more capable of a spiritual as well as a physical application. To strengthen the argument there is Miss Paula Wessely's fine performance in "Der Spiegel," which can—and should—be seen at the Berkeley Cinema.

The Austrian actress enjoys a wide popularity in London, by no means limited to the audiences referred to by the trade papers as "specialised"; yet according to the older conventions, she possesses no actual beauty of face or of figure. Sturdily built, with irregular features and a wide smile, she radiates strength and sanity. Her forthright attack on her material disguises a technique so perfect that it is never apparent, excepting in a subsequent survey of the characters she has portrayed, ranging from the quick-witted humour of "Maskerade," to the calm and determined young medical student in a drama of conflicting loyalties, of which she is the pivot, in "Der Spiegel." As the daughter of a "faith-healer" whom the orthodox doctors contemptuously call a quack, she is confronted with far-reaching decisions, and makes her audience feel the intelligence that dominates her solution of her problems rather than any purely emotional impulse. For all her fine simplicity, intelligence is the keynote of her portrayals, and the secret of



"DER SPIEGEL," AT THE BERKELEY CINEMA: HANNA (PAULA WESSELY) REALISES HOW STRONG IS HER HUSBAND'S FEELING AGAINST QUACKS. In "Der Spiegel," Paula Wessely plays the part of Hanna, a young medical student who falls in love with a doctor. Her father, besides being a jeweller, is a quack doctor, and Hanna is faced with the problem of choosing between him and the man she loves.

and unspoiled grace had a woodland freshness about it, for an imperious aristocrat of feudal instincts, and to equip her for the part with "all the resources" of the grooming departments, seems to me a flagrant error of judgment, and one, moreover, out of keeping with the trend of modern taste.

Watching the new French picture, "Orage," at the Curzon, a momentary vision came to me of the *femme fatale* as she used to be presented on the screen, and her latter-day equivalent as conceived by M. Henry Bernstein, on whose novel the picture is based, and realised by Mlle. Michele Morgan, the young actress who was hailed as a coming star in her first film, "Gribouille." The vision was instantly submerged in the interest and the strength of a brilliantly directed, finely acted production in which the eternal triangle acquires the stature of an intimate study of infatuation. But in critical analysis I am again persuaded that the impetus given to a central situation of many years' service relies chiefly on the transformation of the erstwhile siren into a

bright young free-lance of Montmartre, Françoise. Françoise has many lovers and no visible source of income. She runs a car, but she is in arrears with her rent. She is obviously, if unconsciously, cynical about the duration of love, and laughs at the woes of her discarded admirers. Then she meets an engineer who, come to plead the cause of his enamoured brother-in-law, falls headlong under the spell of the careless, candid, light-hearted enchantress. He is obsessed by her. His wife, whom he loves, his work, which he values, a rich protector into whose arms circumstances drive Françoise, cannot halt the onward sweep of the emotional storm until the girl herself finds a tragic remedy for his obsession. The director, M. Marc Allegret, develops the theme quietly, and with a light veneer of humour on the surface of its passion. M. Charles Boyer, whose American contract permits him to make one film a year in France and who, after his Hollywood excursions into comedy and history, returns to his romantic vein, invests the engineer with an urgency and easy authority that admirably suggest the man accustomed to dominate, yet held, beyond hope of escape, by a slip of a girl. For Françoise is no more than that; neither glamorous vamp nor designing adventuress, but a witty, easy-going *gamine*, honest enough to admit that, in the long run, there is no happiness for the man she loves apart from his wife. Mlle. Michele Morgan makes us believe that this Françoise, delightful to look at, certainly, but owing none of her allure to the *coiffeur* or the *couturière*, could so hold a man, so drive him to break with his former life. She is frank, intelligent, and gay; above all, she has a reality that no amount of synthetic glamour could have given her.



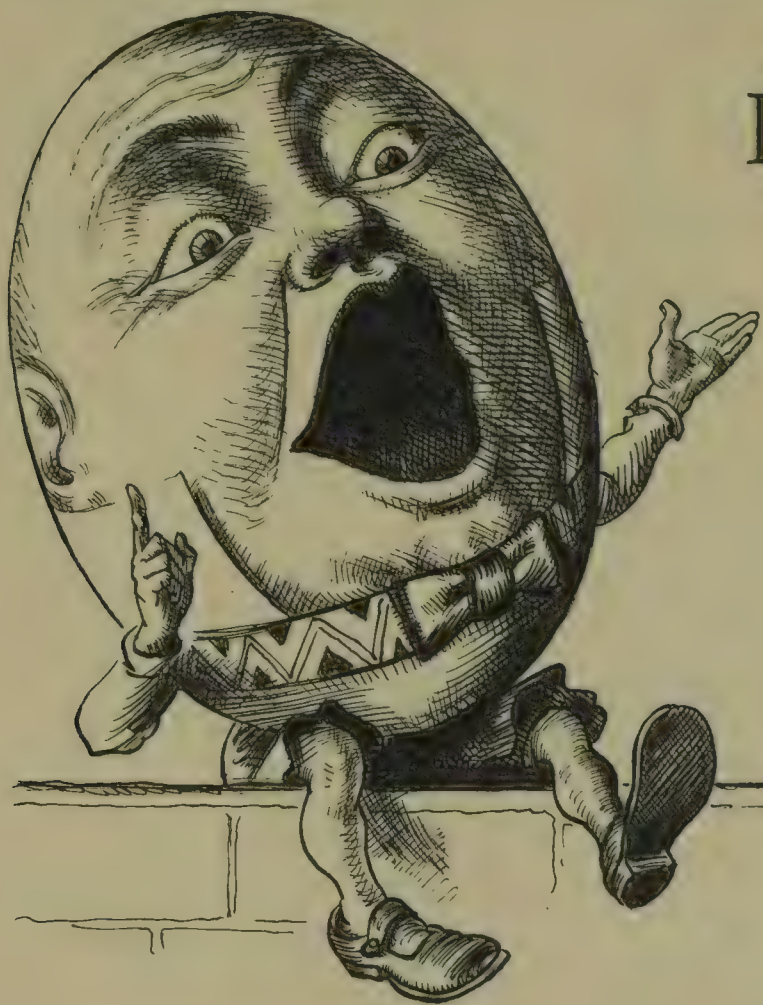
"BLOCKADE," AT THE LONDON PAVILION: LUIS (LEO CARRILLO) SEARCHES THE RUINS FOR HIS FRIEND MARCO AFTER AN AIR-RAID.

her sense of character. It lifts her work into prominence, gives it liveliness and precision, and her every move, to the least tilt of an eyebrow, has both cause and effect. Without emphasis, with no departure from the absolute truth, she passes from gay to grave or, if the character demands it, from diffidence to authority. Praise for Miss Wessely's art is unanimous, yet it is entirely free from the glamour that comes out of Hollywood. Her invincible integrity would undoubtedly resist all attempts at remodelling, but other more vulnerable natures are less fortunate. I cannot, for instance, believe that any film-goer familiar with the earlier contributions to the screen of the charming French actress Annabella, can honestly applaud the change in her personality apparent in her recent American picture, "The Baroness and the Butler." To cast this candid and tender creature, whose natural



"BLOCKADE": NORMA BASIL (MADELEINE CARROLL), WHO HAS BEEN ARRESTED AS A SPY, SHELTERS IN A CELLAR WITH MARCO (HENRY FONDA) DURING AN AIR-RAID.

The setting of "Blockade" is the Civil War in Spain, in which Norma (Madeleine Carroll) becomes involved as a spy. Marco (Henry Fonda) and Luis (Leo Carrillo) are peasants who join the army and Marco is entrusted with the task of counter-espionage. As he is in love with Norma, who acts for the other side, the situation has its complications.



HUMPTY DUMPTY

RE-CITED

"I can recite poetry as well as other folk,"
said Humpty Dumpty, "if it comes to
that—"

"Oh, I hope it won't come to that,"
Alice hastily said. (But it did.)

"In spring, when woods are getting green,
Oft with a Guinness am I seen."

"In summer, when the days are long,
'A Guinness, please' is still my song."

"In autumn, when the leaves are brown,
I like to quaff a Guinness down."

"In winter, when the fields are white,
A Guinness is a cheerful sight."

(With acknowledgments to Lewis Carroll and Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)





A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"SPANISH PAINTING": AN APPRECIATION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Consider the painter's difficulties at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. Humanism as understood in Italy was taboo, the gentle paganism of the new learning was taboo, the human body and its beauties were more or less taboo. The Holy Office appointed an official censor of art, who laid down severe rules of decorum; if the Church was strict, the Court was stiff, and

Conditions had changed by the time the third great painter of Spain was born in 1746. Goya did not depend solely upon the king for patronage, but worked also for private individuals: he was, in essentials, a free man, with a social conscience, who dared to criticise the established order of things, and, while Court painter, produced official portraits of his august employers, Charles IV. and his Queen, which are among the most revealing satires Europe has known. Historians are still puzzled to understand how such devastating portraits could have been accepted. Nor was he less critical of Ferdinand VII.—to Goya Ferdinand was a contemptible figure, and so he appears on canvas. Goya was so great a personality that one sometimes forgets how important was his contribution to the art of European painting. He is far more than the outstanding figure of the Spanish scene in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. By him Spain may be said to have joined the concert of Europe, emerging from her thousand years of isolation, for it is certain that had he never existed, much of French achievement in the nineteenth century would not have come to fruition, particularly in the case of Manet. Yet, by the irony of circumstance, his own country's tradition died with him; Spain produced no painting of any consequence after his death in voluntary exile at Bordeaux in 1824.

In spite of gallant efforts from both sides in this dreary and degraded civil war to prove that all Spanish painting from the eleventh century onwards is of world importance, outsiders will probably prefer to reserve their judgment, and the early works so

A STRAIGHTFORWARD introduction to the history of painting in Spain, a list of Spanish painters, with brief and valuable biographical notes, an exhaustive bibliography, and ninety-six full-page illustrations combine to make this a welcome contribution to the study of the art of the Peninsula. Miss Harris knows her subject and, what is more, has an intimate acquaintance with the people of Spain. This, I think, accounts for her extraordinarily well-balanced choice of illustrations, for in these ninety-six plates she has managed to compress not merely the story of the national achievement—some of it so fine, and a part so mediocre—but also to explain to outsiders the grim fanaticism of the Spanish character, its capacity for religious exaltation, its sometimes morbid introspectiveness, its harsh rejection of compromise. Nations which a long time ago discarded fratricide as a means of settling political controversy can be excused a certain priggish melancholy at the spectacle presented by Spain to-day, and can indulge in the pharisaic reflection that had their own painters in the past shown themselves as intense and violent as some of those whose pictures appear in this book, they also might be suffering



1. THE SPANISH FEELING FOR THE MACABRE IN AN EARLY PAINTING: A GRIM VISION OF "LAZARUS AT THE GATE OF THE RICH MAN," FROM SAN CLEMENTE DE TAHULL. (DATING FROM ABOUT 1123; IN THE BARCELONA MUSEUM.)

these two institutions were the only employers of artists. Against all reason, Spain produced two of her greatest painters—the one, El Greco, hers only by adoption, the other, Velasquez, pupil of the conservative and mediocre Pacheco, both of world rank, neither in the least cramped by the spirit of the régime under which he lived. Genius will out, whatever the conditions which surround it, however narrow the minds of its patrons. Indeed, the phenomenon is fairly constant: did not the fourteenth- and fifteenth-century painters of Siena discover that, if they wanted to live, they must paint Madonnas? They very much wanted to live, and so they painted portraits of their wives and mistresses as Madonnas, and everyone was happy. Portraits as such had no market; Madonnas were in continuous demand.



2. A SPANISH PRIMITIVE MADONNA AND CHILD: A WALL PAINTING FROM THE CHURCH OF SORPE (SECOND HALF OF TWELFTH CENTURY) IN THE BARCELONA MUSEUM.

similar agonies. With notable and brilliant exceptions, the impression is one of distinguished gloom, a darkness of the spirit which degenerates later into sentimental piety (compare the accomplished macabre horror of Fig. 1 with a Virgin by Murillo). Against this must be set the tender sensibility of Murillo himself when he is not concerned with religious edification but with the peasant boys he so thoroughly understood, and—much more impressive—the detail from Velasquez's "Adoration" (Fig. 3) in which the greatest of native-born Spanish painters forgets the rules of the Church, or, rather, transcends them, by giving to the world what is surely the most exquisite, divinely human Mother and Child in the whole of European art.

Can art flourish where there is no liberty of thought? We ask ourselves that question to-day, point to Russia and Germany, and answer unhesitatingly with an emphatic NO! (By art, of course, I mean something more than official propaganda and portraits of big-wigs.) I suggest we are wrong; not that any great art has yet emerged in modern dictator countries so far, but because there was such a thing in Spain under as deadening an autocracy as anything the twentieth century has devised.



3. A SPANISH MADONNA AND CHILD OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: A DETAIL FROM VELASQUEZ'S "ADORATION OF THE KINGS" (PROBABLY DATING FROM 1619) IN THE PRADO.



4. AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF A "TROMPE L'ŒIL" EFFECT IN SPANISH PAINTING: A SELF-PORTRAIT OF LUIS MELENDEZ HOLDING A MOST REALISTICALLY RENDERED DRAWING ON PAPER; AT THE LOUVRE, PARIS. Reproductions from "Spanish Painting," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. John Gifford.

carefully chosen by Miss Harris will, I think, confirm them in this somewhat lukewarm attitude. One of the saving graces of the more educated of the combatants both in the Government and the Franco camp appears to be a genuine desire to rescue as much of the country's art as possible: indeed, one gets the impression in some quarters that a tenth-rate work of art is more valuable than a human life with its first-rate potentialities. I venture to put forward the highly unpopular view that the destruction of a few of the very mediocre Spanish paintings of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—mostly adaptations of Sienese or of Flemish masterpieces—would be no shocking loss to humanity: these charming, pious provincialisms are extraordinarily interesting as showing how Spanish painting developed, but there is an end of their importance. Once again I should like to stress the cool, objective manner in which the illustrations have been chosen: it would have been easy to have discarded the trifling, and to have filled the whole book with masterpieces. As it is, the reader can judge for himself both the weakness and the strength of the national genius. One small complaint should perhaps find its way into print: there is no list of illustrations—to my mind, an essential to good bookmaking.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 1048.)

his story as he tells it has a persuasive appeal and a lively wit, especially in his rapier thrusts at the "Intellectuals" and their amateur political theories. Typical of his ironic vein is a remark about the Arnold tradition at Rugby: "No one who has once come under its domination ever completely shakes off its influence. He may go wild at Oxford and subsequently earn his living by managing a night-club, but he will never altogether stifle secret yearnings to become a pillar of society." It was electioneering that gave the author an appreciation of English character and the English countryside very like that of Lord Baldwin. "For the seven years which followed the Election of 1924," he writes, "I nursed, as the curious technical phrase has it, my Gloucestershire constituency. . . . I learned once and for all to love, and I think, to understand, the plain men and women who are England. This is the core of all politics and all history."

Some of the author's remarks on the war form a notable comment on Sir Norman Angell's allusions to its causes and "the error of 1914." Recalling the announcement of war in a London paper, Lord Elton writes: "Only two days before it had been asking how England could fight for Russia against Germany, kind, civilised Germany—think in contrast of a Russian village! But now Belgium had been invaded and England had made up its mind. After all, we had fought the Spanish Armada, Louis XIV., the French Revolution and Napoleon, all for the same reason—because they had invaded the Low Countries. And if Germany had been certain that we should fight again this time, Belgium would not have been invaded. And why had the Liberal Cabinet not seen to it that Germany *did* know that we should fight? Because a handful of their powerful and wealthy backers were uncompromising pacifists. . . . And so the pacifists got us our war."

I have not noticed in Lord Elton's pages any reference to Dictators, or the current situation, but recalling "the new absorption of the intellectuals in politics" in recent years, he says: "Thousands of intelligent persons lay awake at night because the British Government was not more truculent with Japan or Italy. And if you pointed out to them that no Government nowadays can browbeat a powerful State unless in the last resort its own people is prepared,

and known to be prepared, to go to war, and if you then asked whether they had any evidence that the British people had in fact been prepared to see their sons killed for either Manchukuo or Abyssinia, the most inveterate War-is-Hell man, after a resentful stare, would reply, 'Perhaps not. But the Government could easily have whipped up a war fever.'"

A few words now—rather cursory, I fear—about some of those "better days" which the house of Europe has seen. An earlier time of wars and rumours of wars, of diplomatic intrigue, of laudable but futile efforts to achieve peace through arbitration schemes and leagues of nations, is evoked in the life-story of a remarkable woman of affairs (in more senses than one)—namely, "PRINCESS LIEVEN." By H. Montgomery Hyde, D.Lit., author of "The Rise of Castlereagh" and "The Empress Catherine and Princess Dashkov." With 24 Illustrations (Harrap; 12s. 6d.). Of this book it may be said that it is as fascinating as its subject. It is put forward as "the first English biography of the brilliant Russian Ambadress who was diplomatist, leader of London fashion, close friend of the Prince Regent and three English Prime Ministers, and mistress of the Austrian Chancellor Metternich and (in later years) the French statesman, Guizot."

With it all, strangely enough, Princess Lieven seems to have been an affectionate wife and mother. She was only an "Ambadress," of course, in that her husband was an Ambassador, but she apparently pulled most of the strings, and helped to make a good deal of history. Those who read her shrewd and vivacious letters to Metternich, published last year, will turn with avidity to this memoir, and they will not be disappointed. The author brings out Dorothea Lieven's fine qualities, but he is no heroine-worshipper. In one passage he calls her "an arrant snob and reactionary." Nevertheless, his book holds a clever lady's mirror up to Europe from about 1800 to the Paris Peace Conference of 1856 after the Crimean War. Princess Lieven died in 1857, in a room that had seen the death of Talleyrand.

Metternich's historic interview with Napoleon at Dresden in 1813, when the Austrian Chancellor told the tyrant, "You are lost, Sire!"—a prophetic occasion briefly mentioned in Dr. Hyde's book, is more fully described in what might be called a historical anthology of the Napoleonic epoch—"ENGLAND'S YEARS OF DANGER." A New History of the

World War 1792-1815 Dramatised in Documents. By Paul Frischauer (Cassell; 12s. 6d.). This compilation of contemporary extracts from all kinds of sources—public archives and private letters—gives a slightly spasmodic but remarkably vivid view of events, and will form a useful framework for wider study. From Metternich we learn to whom we are indebted for the extended scale of modern warfare. "Usually," he said to Napoleon, "armies only make up a limited part of the population. But now you are calling whole nations to arms." When Napoleon said: "I do not care a damn for the lives of a million men," Metternich exclaimed: "Let those words ring from one end of Europe to the other!" Napoleon replied: "The French have nothing to complain of; . . . I put Germans and Poles in the dangerous positions." To which the Austrian Chancellor replied: "Sire, you forget that you are speaking to a German." A thought for Vienna in 1938!

We are taken back to a period a hundred years or so before Napoleon in an eminent architect's memoir (the first in English) of a famous Frenchman who, by the end of the seventeenth century, was recognised throughout Europe as the greatest military engineer of his time. I refer to "SEBASTIEN LE PRESTRE DE VAUBAN." 1633-1707. By Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., F.S.A. With Portrait, 11 Illustrations by the Author, 16 Line Plates, and 3 Diagrams (Methuen; 15s.) Vauban's famous fortifications (numbering nearly 100) meant to the France of Louis XIV., I imagine, much what the Maginot Line means to-day. "The remains of his work," writes the author, "are to be found on all the frontiers." Though most of it has disappeared, some survived to become familiar to British troops in the Great War, as at Ypres, Lille, Maubeuge, and Namur. "Longwy, fortified by Vauban in 1678, in August 1914 was able to resist the German attack for nearly a fortnight."

Vauban, moreover, was "not less great in attack than in defence," and is said to have directed fifty sieges. He was a humane man, zealous for the welfare of his soldiers, and he got himself into trouble by his chivalrous efforts on behalf of the Huguenots. "His death," we read, "passed almost unnoticed." But a century later Napoleon had Vauban's heart buried with all honour at the Invalides. Of this great soldier's domestic life little is known owing to his descendants refusing to publish his private letters. To his professional career Sir Reginald Blomfield has done ample justice. C. E. B.

Some phrases seldom ring true

"You make me laugh"



but

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

This England . . .



Evening over Salisbury Plain

BROAD acres well filled must you have if you would grow corn—wheat, oats or the handsome, bearded barley. And much old and intimate knowledge must you have if you are to keep your land “in good heart” as the phrase goes. For the farmer discovered how to rotate the crops and refresh the soil centuries before the scientist learned about the food of plants. Again, the schoolmen of to-day can tell you why the great ale of old England was good for men—food and tonic in one. But the greater wonder is the wisdom of the olden men, knowing not the “why”—knowing only that in the struggle for life, beer such as Worthington (an ancient favourite) would keep them in good heart.



THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SPRING MEETING," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

THIS has the air of being a Russian play in an Irish setting—which proves that Tchekhov's characters are not so peculiarly Russian as many would have it. There is a shiftless, impoverished Irish family, which made the first-night audience feel a long, long way from Tipperary, where the action passes. Sir Richard is a curious mixture. He generously spends money having a peasant boy trained as a veterinary inspector. He lavishes hundreds on racehorses and old brandy. Yet he grudges the bathroom boiler its complement of coke: his daughters have to beg visitors not to run their water off, so that they may pop in after them. The girls, too, have to make their own clothes—a good thing, from the entertainment point of view. The picture of Miss Betty Chancellor being fitted for an evening frock by Miss Joyce Carey is one of the most joyous moments of the evening. The authors have given these girls character and the players bring it out brilliantly. Then there is Miss Margaret Rutherford's study of Miss Bijou, Sir Richard's spinster sister. She wears the sort of dresses middle-aged people will remember as adorning their spinster aunts. Her hair is just

pinned up anyhow. Forbidden by her brother to gamble, she spends most of her time in the bathroom studying form, occasionally succeeding in getting a shilling on with the local fishmonger. She is a terrifyingly real character; on the verge of certifiability. Mr. Arthur Sinclair plays the butler who runs the house. He does it with a suave dignity and a

the window as he is cutting ivy from the gutter of the houses, cause immense laughter. Miss Zena Dare makes a welcome contrast as a fashionably dressed visitor, a member of the smart racing-set. Mr. Roger Livesey can never give a bad performance, but he is not well cast as Sir Richard. Mr. John Gielgud's production is admirable.

"8.45 AND ALL THAT," AT THE ROYALTY.

Provided one takes one's cigar-case with one, here is a very enjoyable after-dinner entertainment. The curtain rises on an empty stage; and Mr. Charles Heslop, feeling the need of support, recruits a company from among the audience. It is an asset to the show that none of them is so well known that we can guess exactly what their turns will be. Miss Greta Gynt, of course, has an international reputation, but familiarity has not yet bred in us a contempt for it. Nor is it likely to, for Miss Gynt is strikingly versatile. Mr. James Hayter makes a definite hit as a "musician," and he and Miss Gillian Hume get real satire into their studies of a pair of dog-lovers. Mr. Robert Eddison, whose reputation as a straight comedian is growing, finds himself quite at home in revue. The music is bright and tuneful, if not startlingly original, and Mr. Charles Heslop makes an admirable *compère*.



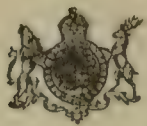
THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK (JUNE 9-16) AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: AN ELEPHANT-IVORY DRAUGHTSMAN DATING FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY (HERE SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE). In classical times, carved ivory was widely employed for secular and domestic purposes, but in Western Europe, between the sixth and fourteenth centuries, it was almost entirely confined to objects for ecclesiastical use. Important exceptions were the gaming pieces; and the finest of these date from the twelfth century. The draughtsmen, as they are usually called, were generally made from walrus-ivory, but this example appears to be true elephant-ivory. The subjects were drawn from various sources, such as classical mythology, as in this instance, where Hercules is shown struggling with a serpent.—[Crown Copyright Reserved.]

minimum of words. Mr. W. G. Fay gives a neat study of an odd-job man. His expressive legs, seen through



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IT is extraordinary how quickly time seems to pass nowadays. The longest day is not far off and the factories are all busy preparing the way for the 1939 motor-car output. If I may be allowed to venture upon a mild prophecy, there will be little or no change in the cars produced for next season, as this year's models are so satisfactory in the hands of the public. Take, as an example, the 10-h.p. Morris Series III. saloon, which has a noteworthy performance. It has a four-speed gear-box, with a very useful "third" for easing the engine when crawling in traffic. It starts very surely and quickly without any "fiddling," and there is a hand throttle so that you can set the engine to idle at its best lowest speed. This Morris "Ten" has ultra-roomy coachwork for its size, and the overhead valves of

the engine have certainly improved its liveliness and acceleration qualities. You can cruise comfortably at 40 to 50 m.p.h., with bursts of over 60 m.p.h. if you feel that way, and the car holds the road well at all speeds. My complaint is that I find drivers will hang on to a most willing top-gear down to four or five miles an hour when they should have changed down to third. But the 10-h.p. engine does not seem to mind this brutal treatment and pulls wonderfully well at low speeds. Also, although there are synchromesh gears, one must change ratio with a considerable pause to effect a good, silent change. But I always advocate double-declutching of all gear-boxes, both up and down, as the synchronising gear must have time to synchronise the engaging gear-wheels, and double-declutching provides that pause which is necessary. So there is no reason to make any alterations in the present Series III. car. Furthermore, the hydraulic brakes require little pressure to exert a great effort in pulling up the car.

That excellent contemporary the *Autocar* reported recently a new coppering process which is of general interest to all motorists who belong to local clubs and occasionally take part in competitions where frequently there are many cars of a similar make and horse-power. Competition drivers were the first to use aluminium cylinder-heads to improve the horse-power developed by the engine. Today aluminium heads are in general use, from Rolls-Royce downwards. Then the racing folk found that copperising the cylinder-heads also helped to produce a faster car from the old engine, with higher

acceleration. So quite a number of private cars were "coppered," with excellent results. Now the *Autocar* reveals a new method. Usually the entire cylinder-head is copperised, but the firm which has started



CONTRASTING TYPES OF "H.P." ON A COUNTRY ROAD: A WOLSELEY 14/56-H.P. CAR AND TWO PLODDING CART-HORSES HOMEWARD BOUND AFTER THEIR DAY'S WORK.
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A FAMOUS WOMAN RACING MOTORIST AND THE CAR SHE ARRANGED TO DRIVE IN THE SCOTTISH RALLY (JUNE 6-10): MRS. KAY PETRE AND HER TRIUMPH "DOLOMITE" COUPÉ.

the new system deposits copper by electro-plating by their own process on the inside of the combustion chambers only. The cost is from 8s. 9d. per cylinder for a 10-h.p. car to 10s. 6d. per cylinder for cars over 20 h.p. Experimental runs taken on a Triumph "Vitesse" gave evidence that the speed of this car had been improved by copperising the inside of the cylinders, and "the top-gear performance in particular was excellent." Anyone

[Continued overleaf.]

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Continued.]

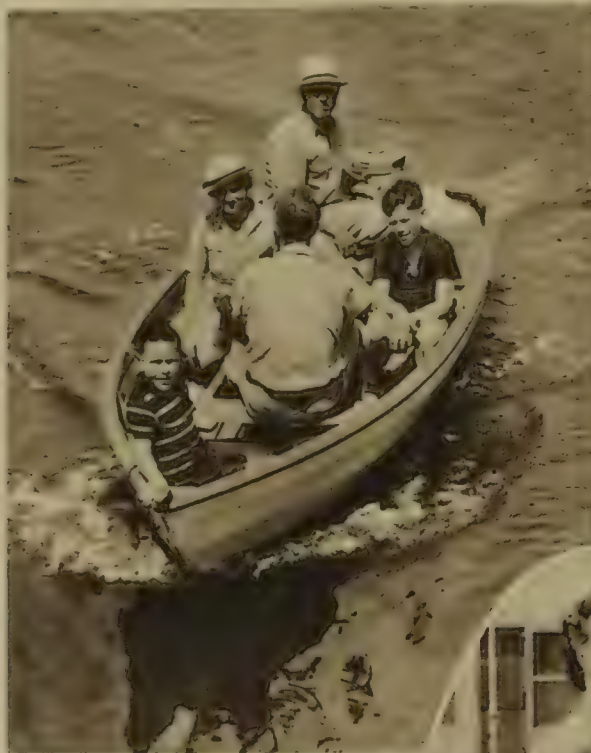
requiring further information should write to Messrs. Platex and Co., 45a, Llewellyn Street, Bermondsey, London, S.E.16, mentioning this journal.

Sir Charles Bressey's plans for the highways of London have been illustrated in our Summer Number, so that I need not refer at length to them. The private motorist seems quite pleased with the Report, judging by the statements issued by the R.A.C. and the A.A. The former suggests that it should prove an inspiration to highway authorities and that its general principles should form the basis on which not only London traffic requirements should be met, but those of all our towns of importance. The A.A. Committee are particularly impressed with the recommendation for the construction of continuous new roads. The building of a number of short by-pass roads has been proved to be ineffective ultimately. This policy merely creates further congestion at other points. All the main recommendations, and in particular the series of inner-ring roads, have the support of the A.A. and, I expect, most folk. So in time perhaps we shall see these made—if we live long enough.

A new type of shock-absorber which has already proved its efficiency on the racing track has been produced by the Luvax people. It is of the hydraulic piston type, and was fitted to the latest E.R.A. car which, driven by Raymond Mays, won the Coronation Trophy. This car is capable of speeds approaching 150 m.p.h. The chief advantages of this new component, which can be adapted to various patterns of suspension system, are that, by reducing spring distortion, it ensures steadier steering, controls the springs and checks recoil,

prevents front-axle shudder, and resists the torque on the axle when braking. At the same time, the design overcomes wear and noise in operation, and permits the use of a fluid possessing nearly constant viscosity at all working temperatures. Dashboard control can be supplied for the larger types.

The wooden horse of Troy has a modern counterpart in the wooden car of



AN EXCELLENT TYPE OF BOAT FOR FAMILY USE ON SEA OR RIVER: THE RYTECRAFT 14-FT. DINGHY, POWERED BY AN EVINRUDE "SPORT-WIN" OUTBOARD ENGINE OF 2½ H.P.

Abingdon, in one of Lord Nuffield's factories, although the purpose of the latter is perhaps hardly so sinister as that of the former. At the M.G. factory there they are busy building what is probably the most scientifically streamlined motor-body ever fashioned in Great Britain, and a full-size wooden "jig" has been made up to ensure that the contours of the aluminium shell shall exactly conform to the designer's conception. When completed, the body will be fitted to the fastest chassis of 11 nominal h.p. in the world. A bid for 170-m.p.h. records, with 6 ft. 2 in. Major A. T. G. ("Goldie") Gardner at the wheel, is to be made on one of the German *autobahnen* later in the summer. Gardner has already reached a speed of 150 m.p.h. with an M.G. of the same modest engine-size as this new projectile.

Two salient points stand out from the latest statistics on South Africa's motor imports: (a) the number of British cars purchased by the Union last year was approximately the same as in 1935; (b) Germany sold the Union nearly five times more cars in 1937 than in 1935. Statistics, as such, are seldom interesting, but these figures mean a great deal to the people directly concerned. And those people are asking themselves "Why?" According to a leading Cape Town concessionaire who is in London on a visit, Germany's rapid gains can be attributed, at least in part, to the impressive wins put up by her cars in South African road races. The car-purchasing public out there, it seems, is susceptible to spectacular high-speed demonstrations, and the great Auto-Union combine was not slow to recognise the fact.



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An interesting exhibition of motor-boats is now a permanent feature at Britannia House, Ampton Street, W.C.1, and the exhibits range from a sea-going express motor-cruiser to a 10-ft. craft of folding type, built of wood, which measures only 4 in. in thickness, when it is collapsed, and can be carried easily on the roof of a saloon car. There is also a very fine range of marine motors, many of the outboard type. The outboard engine can be clamped to the back of any small craft in a few seconds and, being entirely self-contained, immediately converts a rowing boat into a power boat. They are available from £11 11s., and the more elaborate models are equipped with electric starters.

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Bessie says it's messy

That's what Bessie says to me.

But I simply love my crumpets

With a salt that's crisp and dry,

And I can't stop eating crumpets

However hard I try.

Bessie says it's messy

Even eating buttered toast,

But I don't get very angry

'Cos it's crumpets I like most,

And I'll go on eating crumpets,

Yes, even when I die;

For there's nothing half so 'licious

When the salt is crisp and dry.



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

MOZART, VERDI AND PUCCINI.

THE second cycle of the "Ring" has been progressing at Covent Garden, intercepted by the first nights of the Italian opera, in which the famous tenor Gigli has made his reappearance there, after an absence of some years. In "Rigoletto," Gigli, who rather strode through the part of the Duke, as if it were an unactable rôle, sang superbly; his sheer virtuosity of vocalisation is a delight. The Gilda was a famous Italian soprano new to London, Lina Pagliughi, who has a bird-like voice of extreme lightness and clarity, and a splendid technique, so that the singing of the Duke and Gilda in the second act, particularly in the duet, was of a class that we have not heard at Covent Garden for a very long time in Italian opera. The new conductor, Vittorio Gui, proved himself to be exceptionally competent, and if this performance of "Rigoletto" was not as satisfying as the prowess of the principals might have led one to expect, it can be attributed partly to the appearance of the practised, sophisticated soprano in the rôle of the girlish and unsophisticated Gilda. When both Gilda and the Duke sing with such consummate and breath-taking virtuosity as star performers, the dramatic situation becomes somewhat incredible.

Puccini's "Tosca" does not suffer in this way, for the characters are mature and sophisticated persons, and the plot is diabolic enough to sustain the utmost professionalism. Iva Pacetti, who took the part of Floria Tosca, is not only a fine singer, but an excellent actress; and the part of Mario Cavaradossi is one that is congenial in every respect to Gigli, who gave a fine performance and sang magnificently. The Scarpia of Luigi Rossi-Morelli was not quite on the same level.

At Glyndebourne Mozart's "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" have now been revived before "sold out" and enthusiastic houses. The performance of "Figaro," which has always been one of the outstanding productions of Glyndebourne, has even increased in its perfection. John Brownlee's Count Almaviva has gained in sureness and subtlety, and Aulikki Rautawaara has acquired still more force and dignity as the Countess. A welcome return to the part of

Susanna was made by Audrey Mildmay (Mrs. John Christie), who was prevented by illness from appearing last year. She has made a notable advance, and her Susanna is an admirable piece of work all round, for her acting is thoroughly alive and she sings always with point and vivacity, and never relapses into any perfunctoriness. Another agreeably strengthened performance was that by Marita Farell, whose Cherubino this year is delightful. The part of Cherubino is, in some ways, the most exacting and important in the opera, for if it fails to make the right impression a great deal of the peculiar sensibility and beauty of this opera of Mozart's is lost. Miss Farell, both vocally and in appearance and characterisation, was entirely adequate and sang with unfailing charm and sensitiveness. Mariano Stabile is one of the most accomplished operatic artists living, and his Figaro is an unfailing pleasure, even if we may think that it has, perhaps, a shade too much "buffo" character. All the other parts are admirably played, and the general ensemble under Fritz Busch was up to Glyndebourne's highest standard. In fact, "Figaro" is one of Glyndebourne's greatest successes. I do not think there has ever been a finer production than this anywhere in Europe during the last hundred years.

I wish I could say the same for "Don Giovanni." From an exclusively musical point of view, one might, for the singing and the playing of the orchestra are altogether excellent; but in my opinion in this production Mozart's opera has been sacrificed to scenery. This year, with the new stage equipment, I had imagined that the waits between the scenes would not be so long as before. They may not have been, but no speeding-up of the scenic changes can redeem the fundamental mistake of allowing the artist to seize upon Mozart's frequent changes of scene in this opera as a pretext to devise a new and elaborate setting for each particular scene, thus necessitating a wait for the change. One of the worst examples of this obsession with scenic display is the isolation of Don Giovanni's famous drinking song, which is given a scene all to itself, with stiff and frosty effect. Why should this be divorced from the preparations for the gala which follows? Merely to introduce a piece of Tottenham Court Road-ish Spanish baroque setting, with servitors holding up an immense rococo mirror, while Leporello stands admiringly by as if the song were being given for his admiration. This wonderful aria is killed

stone-dead by this means, and not all Fritz Busch's *prestissimo* pace can give it life.

A new Donna Gloria in Hilde Konetzni, who a few weeks before had taken Lotte Lehmann's place in "Der Rosenkavalier," made a very good impression, although the singer's voice is rather too heavy for Glyndebourne and does not blend perfectly with that of the others. The Don Ottavio was Dino Borgioli, who once more proved that he is one of the most artistic and intelligent of contemporary Italian tenors. Salvatore Baccaloni's Leporello and Ina Sonez's Donna Anna remain two of the most important and satisfactory features of this production of Mozart's great work.

W. J. TURNER.

At the moment, there is no memorial to the men of the Fifth Army who fought, day and night, from March 21 to March 28, 1918, with inadequate numbers against a vastly superior force and whose magnificent retreat laid the foundations for final victory. It has now been proposed to create a fund for the erection of a Memorial Tablet and the endowment of two wards in St. Mary's Hospital, London, as a living memorial to the men who fell in the battle. The Hospital will give two wards, one for men and one for women, where dependents of those who died, and survivors and their dependents will receive care and treatment. It is estimated that at least £25,000 will be required. Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurers, Fifth Army Memorial Fund, St. Mary's Hospital, W.2.

If one is unable to visit Burlington House this year, it is possible to make a survey of the Exhibition through the pages of "The Royal Academy Illustrated—1938," for, as usual, it presents a pictorial review with reproductions in half-tone. In it are pictures of the Coronation scenes in Westminster Abbey, including F. O. Salisbury's large canvas, and "The Crowning of the King," by L. Campbell Taylor, R.A.; mural decorations designed for Essex County Hall by Colin Gill, B. Fleetwood-Walker, A. R. Thomson, A.R.A., and Robert Lyon; and landscapes by Stanhope Forbes, R.A., and Algernon Newton, A.R.A. "The Royal Academy Illustrated" is a valuable record of the year's best pictures and can be obtained from all booksellers or from the publishers, Walter Judd, Ltd., 47, Gresham Street, E.C.2, price 2s. 6d.

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THE most interesting King George VI. stamps of the month are those from the Somaliland Protectorate, the first pictorials peculiar to this country. The royal portrait medallion is on every stamp in the series; the 1, 2, and 3 annas have also a picture of a black-headed sheep, and the frame consists of spears and bucklers. For the 4, 6, 8, and 12 annas the royal medallion is held between the horns of the Greater Kudu. The 1, 2, 3, and 5 rupee stamps have a rather bare map of the Protectorate, with the Gulf of Aden.



SOMALILAND:
THE KING'S PORTRAIT
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Following the attar of roses stamps, Bulgaria now calls attention to her poultry industry, and philatelists who keep chickens will now be able to see on stamps what good layers the Bulgarian birds are. The birds are shown on the 50 stotinki stamps which come in two different colours, black and indigo. A new 30 stotinki stamp in brown and in red-brown shows ripened wheat-ears representing the chief crop of cereals the country produces.

A new portrait of Prince Louis II., by Taponier, appears on the latest 55 centimes stamp of Monaco. It is engraved by Henri Cheffer.

France has issued a charity stamp "to the glory of the French Infantry," in a finely-engraved design by J. Piel, printed in deep claret. Its postal value is 55 centimes, and the supplement for charity is 70 centimes.

A Finnish charity stamp, 2½ marks blue, commemorates the twentieth anniversary of the return of the Finn National Guard. The central vignette depicts a member of the Civil Guard, and the stamp is nicely produced in photogravure.

A new air mail stamp, 6 cents blue and carmine, was issued in the United States, and was timed to appear during the celebrations of National Air Mail Week. It is just twenty years since the first public air line—Washington-Philadelphia-New York—was inaugurated in the U.S., when the original air rate of 24 cents was met with the 24 c. blue and carmine stamp of 1918. Incidentally, it is twenty-one years since the first air mail stamp was issued by Italy. The design for the new stamp shows an eagle in its nest, with the badge of the U.S. air mail in the frame above. The design was suggested by President Roosevelt in a rough sketch.

The recent Medical Congress in Beyrout has been marked by an issue of four air mail stamps of the Lebanon Republic, inscribed "Journées Médicales Mai 1938." The vignette shows the buildings of the Faculty of Medicine at Beyrout, the denominations being 2 piastres green, 3 p. orange-brown, 5 p. slate, 10 p. lake.

Holland has contracted the habit of issuing two charity series of stamps each year, one at Christmas for child welfare, the other in the summer-time, "Zommerpostzegels," are in aid of institutions for social and intellectual development. The five denominations in this summer's set are lovely examples of steel-plate engraving in miniature, the portraits representing: 1½ cent, sepia, Marnix van Saint Aldegonde (1540-1598); 3 cent. green, O. G. Heldring (1804-1876); 4 cent. red-brown, Maria Tesselschade (1594-1649); 5 cent. grey-green, Rembrandt (1606-1669); 12½ cent. blue, H. Boerhaave (1668-1738). The last two, Rembrandt and Boerhaave, have already appeared on stamps, the first three are newcomers to our postage portrait gallery. I have selected the lady for illustration. She was a poet, admired for her beauty and wit, and is said to have injected much excellent humour into her comic verse.



HOLLAND:
MARIA TESSELSCHADE.

Ascension Island used to be administered as if it were one of his Majesty's ships, by the Admiralty, but in 1922 the island was placed under the Colonial Office and "annexed" to St. Helena. From that time it has had its own stamps, although the population is only about 200. It had its "Silver Jubilee" and its "Coronations" along with the other colonies, and has now been provided with its King George VI. regular pictorial issue. The scenes are similar to those on the King George V. issue, but some of them have been transposed to other denominations.



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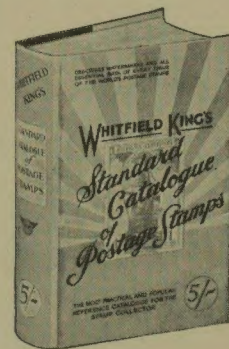
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Bad Kissingen—**Staatl. Kurhaus**—World-renowned house. Mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Nauheim—**Hilbert's Park Hotel**—First-class Family Hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kur-Park opposite. Baths and Springs.

Bad Nauheim—**Jeschke's Grand Hotel**—The home of the discriminating client.

Bad Nauheim—**Der Kaiserhof**—First-class hotel. Large garden facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 baths. Pension from R.M. 11.

GERMANY—(Continued)

Bad Nauheim—**Hotel Augusta Victoria**—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 9.

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Frankfort-on-Main—**Hotel Excelsior**—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds from R.M. 4.

Frankfort-on-Main—**Hotel Frankfurter Hof**—Leading, but not expensive. Grill-room Bar.

Frankfort-on-Main—**Park Hotel**—Near central Station. Famous for its hors-d'oeuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage and Pumps on the premises.

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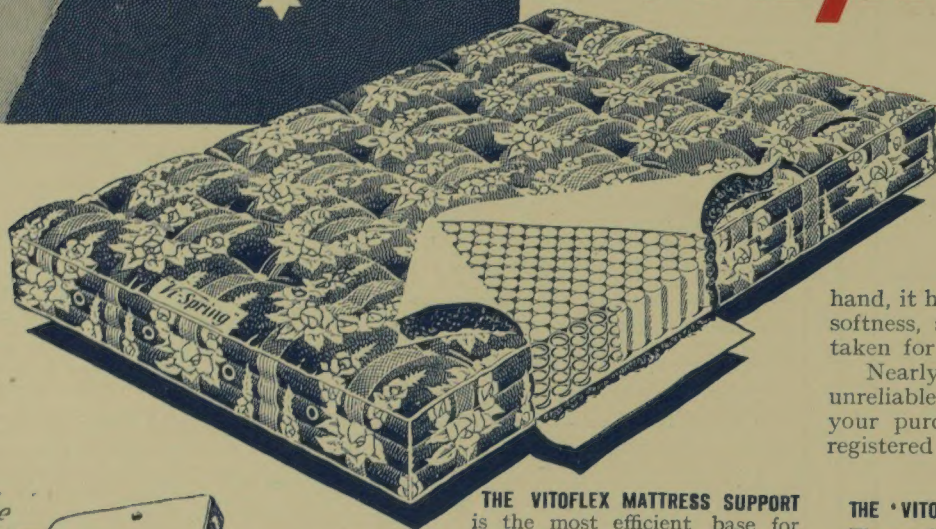


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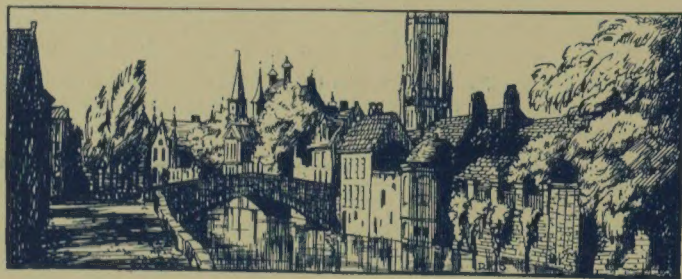
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